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Harriet Weston

Mrs. Harriet Newell.

A

SERMON,

PREACHED AT HAVERHILL, (MASS.)

IN REMEMBRANCE OF MRS.

HARRIET NEWELL,

WIFE OF THE

REV. SAMUEL NEWELL,

MISSIONARY TO INDIA.

WHO DIED AT THE ISLE OF FRANCE, NOV. 30, 1812,
AGED 19 YEARS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

MEMOIRS OF HER LIFE.

BY LEONARD WOODS, D. D.
Abbot Professor of Christian Theology in the Theol. Sem. Andover.

SECOND EDITION.

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DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS—To wit:

District Clerk's Office.

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"A Sermon, preached at Haverhill, Mass. in remembrance of Mrs. Harriet Newell, wife of the Rev. Samuel Newell, Missionary in India, who died at the Isle of France, Nov. 30, 1812, aged 19 years; to which are added Memoirs of her life. By Leonard Woods, D. D. Abbot Professor of Christian Theology in the Theol. Sem. Andover."

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WILLIAM S. SHAW,
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

SERMON.

MATTHEW xix, 29.

AND EVERY ONE THAT HATH FORSAKEN HOUSES, OR BRETHREN OR SISTERS, OR FATHER, OR MOTHER, OR WIFE, OR CHILDREN, OR LANDS, FOR MY NAME'S SAKE, SHALL RECEIVE AN HUNDRED FOLD; AND SHALL INHERIT EVERLASTING LIFE.

THE scripture sums up all that is in the world under three heads; the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye; and the pride of life." According to this, it has been common to make a threefold division of natural men; the *sensual*, the *covetous*, and the *ambitious*. But our blessed Lord, in the text, exhibits a character widely different; a character formed on another principle; a character altogether superior to any thing, which can result from man's unrenewed nature. The devoted Christian *is born of the Spirit*. All his moral beauty, his usefulness, and enjoyment are the work of divine grace.

But where shall we find the singular character exhibited in the text? I answer, *in every place*, and *in every condition of life*, where we find true religion.

The *poor cottager*, far removed from public notice, and destined to the meanest employment, possesses this character. He gives himself and all that he has to the Lord. He loves Christ above his cottage, his food, and his rest, and is ready to part with them all for *his sake*. In the sight of God, that same poor man forsakes all for Christ. He who can forsake his sins, and resist the claims of corrupt passion, performs, to say the least, as difficult a service, as to forsake houses, brethren, and lands. The *poor* man, who has little to *give*, and much to *bear*, frequently shows the self-denying spirit of religion to the greatest advantage. In his heart often burns as pure a flame of love and zeal, as in the heart of an apostle. It may not be visible to the world; but it is visible to Him, who seeth in secret. His prayers are animated by fervent affection for God and man. And when he contributes his *mite* for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, he does it with a heart large enough to part with millions.

The character here exhibited belongs to the devoted Christian, who is possessed of *opulence.* Though he does not *literally forsake* houses and lands, he *uses* them for the glory of Christ. And as he supremely regards the divine glory, and uses the things of this world in subserviency to it, he is ready, when duty calls, to surrender them for the same object. To *use* riches for Christ, and to *forsake* them for Christ, evince the same elevation above self-interest, and the same devotedness to the cause of God. He, then, who values his estate for Christ's sake, and uses it for the advancement of his cause, has the same disposition and character with those, who for the same object actually suffer the loss of all things. In heart he gives his earthly all to Christ; saying with sincerity,—*here Lord, I am; and here are my possessions. I yield them all to thee. I will either use them, or part with them, for thy sake, as thou wilt.* Animated with such sentiments, he esteems it comparatively loss, to do any thing with his property, which tends merely to secure his private advantage; while he esteems *that*, as the best use of his property, which tends most to advance the kingdom of Christ. It is for the sake of that kingdom that he values his earth-

ly possessions. Take away that kingdom, and his possessions lose their highest worth.

The character presented in the text clearly belongs to *every faithful minister of the Gospel*, even in the most peaceful days. Whatever may be his earthly prospects, he cheerfully resigns them for Christ's sake. The love of Christ bears him on. He declines no labor, no sacrifice, no suffering. He foregoes indulgence and ease. In private, he gives himself to reading, meditation, and prayer. In public, he preaches the word, and is instant in season, and out of season. Worldly pursuits he totally abandons, and sets his affections on the kingdom of Christ. "If I forget thee," he says, "O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."

This character is strikingly exhibited by *a devoted Christian in times of persecution.* He feels as Paul did, when his friends, anxious for his safety, besought him not to go to Jerusalem. "What mean ye," he said, "to weep and to break mine heart? For I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." Times of persecution and distress have a favorable in-

fluence upon Christian character. In such seasons, as the prospect of earthly happiness is overcast, the followers of Christ are led to a more serious contemplation of the heavenly inheritance, and naturally form a stronger and more operative attachment to that kingdom, in which their all is contained. They are reduced to the necessity of feeling that they have no other interest, and no hope of enjoyment from any other quarter. Accordingly, they make a more unreserved surrender of every thing for Christ, and become more consistent and more decided in their religious character. In the discharge of difficult duties they have less hesitation. They are less ensnared by the friendship of the world, and less awed by its frowns. The prospect of suffering, as it becomes familiar to their minds, ceases to move them. To give up the interests and pleasures of the world for the sake of Christ, becomes habitual and easy. It costs them no struggles and no sigh. They are prepared to encounter any trial, even a violent death, without fear or reluctance. Yea, *they rejoice in their sufferings, and gladly fill up what is wanting of the afflictions of Christ in their flesh for his body's sake, which is the Church.*

The *Christian Missionary*, whose motives are as sublime as his office, forsakes all for Christ in a *remarkable* sense. The proof which he gives of devotion to Christ is indeed of the same nature with that, which other Christians give; but it is higher in *degree*. Others forsake the world in *affection*, but enjoy it still. *He* renounces the *enjoyment*, as well as the *attachment*. Other Christians esteem Christ above friends and possessions, and yet retain them far enough for the gratification of their natural affections. The Missionary, who has a right spirit, counteracts and mortifies natural affection, by actually abandoning its dearest objects. The distinction in short is this; other Christians have a *willingness* to forsake all for Christ; the Missionary *actually forsakes* all. The cause of Christ among the heathen possesses attractions above all other objects. It has the absolute control of his heart. He forsakes father and mother, house and land, not because he is wanting in affection for *them*, but because he loves Christ *more*. He forsakes them, because his heart burns with the holy desire, that Christ may have the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession.

The *wife of a Missionary*, when influenced by the Spirit of Christ, gives still more remarkable evidence of self-denial and devotion; —evidence, I say, *more remarkable;* because for *her* to forsake friends and country, is an instance of *greater self-denial.* The tie, which binds her to her relatives and her home, is stronger. Her mind is more delicate in its construction; more sensible to the tenderness of natural relations, and to the delights of domestic life. When, therefore, she forsakes *all*, for the name of Christ, she makes a higher effort; she offers a more costly sacrifice; and thus furnishes a more conspicuous proof, that her love of Christ transcends all earthly affection.

My friends, have I been entertaining you with visions and dreams? Or have I been teaching realities? If you admit the truth of the Bible, you must admit that men of the character above described, have existed in all ages of Christianity. Indeed, no other can be acknowledged, as disciples of Christ. For he himself has declared, that *whosoever forsaketh not all that he hath cannot be his disciple.* And again, to teach us in the most forcible manner, that our affection for all other objects

must fall below our affection for him, he says; —*If any one come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.* However severe and impossible these conditions of discipleship may seem; they have often been performed. Yea, there are multitudes, who daily perform them, and to whom the performance appears not only just, but pleasant. Multitudes, now on earth, have that supreme love for the Lord Jesus, which leaves little of the heart for any thing else. When they enlisted into the service of Christ, they engaged to follow him, though at the expense of every earthly interest. In the very act of *faith*, there is an implicit forsaking of all things for Christ. So that when the trial comes, and they really forsake all things on his account, they only do in open act, what they did in heart before. When they are called to surrender all things, even life itself, for Christ's sake; they are not called to perform a new condition, to which they did not consent in the first exercise of faith. They made choice of Christ and his ways, Christ and his cross. Had they certainly known, when they first received Christ, that they did it at the expense of every earthly

good, they would not have received him with any the less cordiality and joy. Paul knew from the first, that he must sacrifice every thing for Christ;—which, in his view, was only parting with trifles, to purchase a pearl of great price. "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ." Such was the spirit and practice of the first Christians. They rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer for Christ. To honor him, they gladly took the spoiling of their goods, resigned their dearest friends, and endured persecution and death. There are those at the present day, who possess the same spirit; who willingly give up their worldly interest, and subject themselves to the hatred of men, for the sake of their Lord; who willingly suffer reproach, and expose their name to be trampled under foot, that Christ may be magnified; who hold nothing so dear, that they will not cast it away for Christ's sake.

Do you still ask, where such characters are to be found? I answer again, *wherever there are* CHRISTIANS. You may fix your eye upon ministers of the gospel,—upon ambassadors of Christ in pagan lands,—and upon good men in the various walks of life, who give, I say not the same *degree*, but the same *kind* of evidence of devotion to Christ, with that which was given by the holy Apostles. And he who slights the evidence of supreme love to Christ, which these exhibit, would equally slight the evidence, which should be exhibited by a new race of APOSTLES and MARTYRS.

The *reward* of Christians is as *certain*, as their devotion to Christ is *sincere*. They *receive an hundred fold in this present life*. Great peace have they, who love God's law. *The wicked*, from the very nature of their affections, *are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt*. But cordial devotion to Christ imparts serenity and peace to the soul. How happy are they who have cast off the slavery of passion, who have given up the vain cares and pursuits, which distract the minds of worldlings, and yielded themselves wholly to God, resting in him as their *all in all*.

To them belong the pleasures of *benevolence*. As this is their ruling affection, they must be happy in proportion as its object is promoted. That object, which is primarily the prosperity and happiness of the kingdom of Christ, is absolutely secure. Christians know it to be so, and therefore enjoy a peace, which no adversity can destroy. In all that they do, and in all that others do to advance the welfare of the Redeemer's kingdom, they partake the purest pleasure. Let them see the glory of God displayed in the salvation of sinners; let them see the Church look forth as the morning; let them enjoy communion with Christ; and they have enough. This is their object, their treasure, the heritage which they have chosen. The eternal glory of God and the boundless good of his kingdom is an object infinitely excellent, and worthy of supreme regard. The pleasure of those, who are devoted to this glorious object, and see that it is perfectly secure, is a kind of *divine* pleasure, partaking of the nature of its divine and infinite object.

I am well aware, that these are unintelligible things to those, who are destitute of religion. What does a man, without taste, know

of the sweetness of the honey comb? How can blindness perceive the pleasantness of light, or deafness, the charms of music? But inquire of those, who are entitled to speak on the subject,—inquire of *fervent Christians*, what the rewards of self-denial are With one voice they answer, that those, who forsake all for Christ, *receive an hundred fold, even in this life.*

It is the uniform method of divine grace to give spiritual comfort to those, who are freed from earthly affection. The more the world is excluded from the hearts of believers, the more they are filled with all the fulness of God. Blessed exchange! What tongue can describe the happiness of the saints, when they part with all that they have for the name of Christ, and He, their all gracious Savior and Friend, takes up his dwelling in their hearts! O what peace! What quietness! What a beginning of heaven! Ask the Apostles, in the midst of their labors, privations, and sufferings, whether they are losers on Christ's account?—You hear them speaking of perpetual triumph, of comfort in tribulation, of joy unspeakable and full of glory. The lonely desert, through which, with weary steps,

they travel, witnesses their joy. The dungeon, were they are chained, witnesses their holy transports, and hears their midnight praises. Perils innumerable by land and sea, weariness and painfulness, cold and hunger, prisons, stripes, and tortures cannot deprive them of their joy.

But all the enjoyment of Christians in this life is only the beginning of their blessedness. The consummation of it is the *everlasting life*, which they will inherit in the world to come. It will be a life of perfect holiness, and perfect, endless joy. They will live in the society of holy Angels, and dwell in the presence of their blessed Lord, who loved them and gave himself for them. While they behold his glory, and enjoy his love, they will perfectly possess the object of all their desires. They wish for no higher happiness, than *to enjoy God forever*. *This* is everlasting life. Give them *this*, and they ask no more.

I have been led to this train of reflections by an event, which has lately arrested the attention of the public, and caused sensations of unusual tenderness in the friends of Zion. You are aware that I refer to the lamented

death of MRS. HARRIET NEWELL. I rejoice that, after the most intimate acquaintance with that excellent woman, I am able to say, that she happily exemplified the character which I have drawn. From the uniform tenor of her conduct for several years, there is reason to believe, that she was one, *who forsook all for Christ*, and *who received an hundred fold in this present life*. And there is equal reason to believe that she now *inherits everlasting life* in heaven.

But let God our Savior have the glory of all the moral beauty which adorned her character. The temper of mind, which she manifested, was contrary to every principle of unsanctified nature. If she was indeed what she appeared to be, it was by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.

Before she indulged a hope that she was a subject of spiritual renovation, she had a long season of distressing conviction, careful self-examination, and earnest prayer. She could not admit the comfortable conclusion that she was *born again*, before she was conscious, that she had given herself to the Lord, and yielded sincere obedience to his holy commands.

Long before she thought her own salvation secure, she began to exercise an enlarged affection for the kingdom of Christ, and to be fervent in her prayers for the building up of Zion, and the salvation of the heathen. This became the prominent feature of her religion, —the supreme object of her pursuit. A considerable time before a Foreign Mission from this country was contemplated, the universal diffusion of the christian religion was the favorite subject of her meditations and prayers.

When, in the course of divine providence, one of those, who had devoted themselves to the Foreign Mission, sought her as the companion of his labors and sufferings; her great concern was to discover *the will of God.* As soon as she became satisfied respecting her *duty*, her determination was fixed.—Here we come to the point where her character began to assume a lustre, which excited the admiration of all who shared her friendship. Through the grace of God, she entirely consecrated herself to *the establishment of the kingdom of Christ in pagan lands.* To this great and glorious object all her thoughts and studies, her desires and prayers tended. It was only with a view to *this*, that she considered her talents

and acquirements of any special importance. Even her health and life seemed of little consequence to her, except in relation to this grand object.

But this entire selfdevotion had no tendency to blunt the sensibilities of her heart, or to extinguish her natural affections. Every Christian is the subject of an affection, which holds a superiority over the natural affections, and makes them subservient to its purposes. Had our natural affections been designed, as the highest principles of action, the Lord Jesus would never have set up another principle above them. Our dear departed friend did not more truly rise above the natural principles of action, than every Christian does, when he seeks the glory of God in the common business of life. Her affections were of the same nature with those which Christians generally possess. If there was a difference, it consisted in this; that she was more earnest and undivided in her attachment. It is to this circumstance, that we must trace her peculiar magnanimity, and elevation of spirit. As all the powers of her soul were unitedly exerted for the attainment of one grand object, she rose to an uncommon pitch of energy, and things,

seemingly impossible to others, became practicable and easy to her.

In acquiring the force and decision of character, which she finally exhibited, it was of great importance, that the question of *duty* was fully settled in her own mind. Had not this been done, she must have been often turned aside from her object by secret misgivings of conscience. Her attachment to the object must have been weakened; and every step must have been taken haltingly and tremblingly. But by much deliberation, and many prayers to God for direction, the question of duty had been settled; after which she proceeded without wavering. Devoted, as she was, to the cause of Christ, and borne on with a strong desire of advancing it in heathen lands, she was prepared for trials. The hardships and sufferings, peculiar to the missionary life, became perfectly familiar. They were so closely associated in her mind with the glory of God, and the conversion of the heathen, and the contemplation of them was so continually mingled with her purest affections and joys, that, instead of aversion and dread, they excited sensations of delight.

Is it possible that a character, so excellent, should not be universally loved and admired? Can any admit the thought, that conduct so noble, so Christlike, was owing to weak or misguided zeal? Look upon the apostles and primitive Christians, who were so entirely consecrated to the Savior, that they were willing to endure the greatest evils for his sake;—whose ardent love to him rendered every affliction light, and reconciled them to the agonies of a violent death. Can the charge of misguided zeal be urged against the holy apostles?

The character of MRS. NEWELL, instead of being exposed to any dishonorable imputation, had an excellence above the reach of mere human nature. Behold a tender female, when all the sensibilities of the heart are most lively,—united to friends and country by a thousand ties;—a female of refined education, with delightful prospects in her own country,—behold her voluntarily resigning so many dear earthly objects, for a distant pagan land. All these sacrifices she made *calmly;* with a *sober deliberation;* in the exercise of those *sensibilities* which would be overwhelming to mankind in general, and yet with *steady, unyielding firm-*

ness; and all this, not for wealth, or fame, or any earthly object, but *to make known among the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ.*

I should blush to offer a vindication of a character so fair and exalted, as that of HARRIET NEWELL;—a lovely saint, who has finished her course, and gone to receive an unfading crown. But if there is any one rash enough to impute extravagance, and folly; I will point him to a case not wholly unlike the present. The Evangelist tells us that Mary came to Jesus, as he sat at meat, having an alabaster box of very precious ointment, and poured it on his head. Judas, and some others instigated by him, charged her with extravagance and waste. But Jesus approved her conduct, declaring that she had wrought a *good work*, and that it should be made known for a memorial of her, wherever the gospel should be preached in the whole world.

Do I still hear it said by some selfish calculator, that "*she threw herself away?*" But do you not applaud the conduct of a man, who goes to the earth's end to gratify a worldly desire? And can you think it reasonable to make greater sacrifices for *self-interest*, than for the

kingdom of Christ?—"*Threw herself away?*—What! Does a devoted Christian, who, for the love of Jesus, forsakes all that she has, to receive an hundred fold here, and life everlasting in heaven, *throw herself away?*

Should any ask, what that *hundred fold reward* was; our appeal would be to herself,—to her peace, and quietness, and joy in God. For several of the last months that she spent at home, and from the time of her leaving America till her death, her religious enjoyment was almost constant, and at times, elevated.

In her last interviews with her beloved friends in America, and in the scene of final separation, the consolations of the Spirit supported her, and produced not only a tender meekness and calmness of mind, but astonishing resolution. Her happy serenity continued through the dangers of a long voyage, and amid all the difficulties which befell her, after arriving in India. Her spiritual enjoyment was not materially interrupted by the various distresses, which prevented the establishment of the mission; nor by the sufferings she was subsequently called to endure; no, not even by

the pangs which rent her heart, over a dear infant child, wasting away with sickness, and soon committed to a watery grave. Through all this sorrow and suffering, the Lord was with her, and gave her rest. During her last tedious and perilous voyage—separated by half the globe from the presence of a mother, whose presence was more than ever needed,—and without a single female companion, she could thus write;—"It is for JESUS, who sacrificed the joys of his Father's kingdom and expired on the cross to redeem a fallen world, that thus I wander from place to place, and feel no where at home. How reviving the thought! How great the consolation it yields to my sinking heart!" "Let the severest trials and disappointments fall to my lot, guilty and weak as I am, yet I think I can rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation."

In her last illness, which was attended with many distressing circumstances, she possessed her soul in patience and peace. God was pleased to manifest himself to her, as he does not to the world. "During her whole sickness, she talked in the most familiar manner, and with great delight, of death and the glory that was to follow." At a certain time, being ad-

vised by a physician to cast off such gloomy thoughts, "she replied, that those thoughts were cheering and joyful beyond what words could express." When it was intimated to her that she could not live through another day;—"*Oh joyful news!* she replied, *I long to depart;*" and added soon after, that death appeared to her *truly welcome and glorious.*

But the simple narrative of her afflicted husband shows, better than any thing which I can say, that amid all the pain and languishment of sickness, and in the near view of death, she had that enjoyment of God her Savior, and that hope of a blessed immortality, which was an hundred fold better, than all she had forsaken.

To her widowed Mother, this is an affecting scene. But in the midst of your sorrows, dear Madam, forget not what reason you have to be comforted. Remember the grace of God, which was manifested to your dear Harriet; which, we trust, effectually sanctified her heart, and brought her to love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. While you mourn for her early death, bless God that you do not mourn over a child, who lived without God, and died without hope. Call to remembrance her duti-

ful and pious temper; her resolved and peaceful mind in the parting hour; and the fortitude and resignation, which she afterwards exercised, under her various afflictions. Give thanks to God for the consolations, which were afforded her, throughout a languishing sickness. Her amiable and christian conduct reflected honor upon the grace of GOD. Through all her sufferings, especially when her dissolution drew near, she displayed a character that was ripe for heaven.

It must afford you peculiar satisfaction to contemplate *the usefulness of her life.* "That life is long which answers life's great end." This was eminently the case with your beloved daughter. Had she lived in retirement, or moved in a small circle, her influence, though highly useful, must have been circumscribed. But now, her character has, by divine providence, been exhibited upon the most extensive theatre, and excited the attention and love of Christian nations. Yea, may we not hope, that her name will be remembered by the millions of Asia, whose salvation she so ardently desired, and that the savor of her piety will, by divine grace, be salutary to pagan tribes yet unborn?—Madam, what comforts are these!

comforts, which many mourning parents would gladly purchase with their lives. Let your sorrow then be mingled with praise. Render thanks to God, and magnify his name, that he has given you a daughter, so lovely in her character, so useful in her life, so resigned in her sufferings, so tranquil and happy in her death. It is better to be the parent of such a daughter, than to have brought forth a child to bear the sceptre of a world. Nor is she the less precious, or the less *yours*, because she is absent from the body and present with the Lord. Dwell upon these cheering thoughts, and enjoy these comforts.—And may all your surviving children enjoy them too. In her example, in her diary and letters, and in her dying counsels, she has left them a legacy, which cannot be too highly prized. Let me affectionately entreat you, my beloved friends, to attend seriously to the weighty counsels, which you have received from the dying lips of a dear sister. In her name, in the name of her bereaved husband, by whose request I now address you, and in the name of her God and Savior, I do now, from this sacred place, repeat that solemn counsel. God Almighty open your hearts to receive the message. "*Tell them*, she said, *tell them from the lips of their*

dying sister, that there is nothing but religion worth living for. Oh exhort them to attend immediately to the care of their immortal souls; and not to delay repentance. Let my brothers and sisters know that I love them to the end. I hope to meet them in heaven. But oh, if I should not"——No wonder that tears bursting from her eyes, and her sobs of grief at the thought of an eternal separation from you, prevented her saying more. "May the Spirit of truth carry her dying entreaties, and tears, and sighs to your hearts," and engage you to follow her, as she followed Christ. This dear departed friend wished you to partake with her the joys of salvation. She never repented of her undertaking; never regretted leaving her native land for the cause of Christ. And could she return and live on earth again, so far from declining any of the labors or sacrifices she made for the advancement of the Redeemer's cause, she would repair to him earlier, give up all for him more cheerfully, and serve him with greater zeal. Imitate her humility, self-denial, and faith, that you may again enjoy her society, and dwell with her forever, where sorrow and death shall never enter.

In the death of Mrs. Newell her husband sustains a loss, which no language can adequately describe, and no earthly good compensate. God, whose ways are unsearchable, has taken from him the wife of his youth; a companion eminently qualified to aid him in all his labors, to soothe him in all his sorrows, and to further the great work in which he is engaged. Had he nothing but earthly good to comfort him, a mind so quick to feel, would be overwhelmed with grief. But he will not forget the God of all comfort. He will remember that gracious Redeemer, who took him out of the horrible pit and miry clay; who shed upon the darkness, that once enveloped him, a cheering light; who inspired him with hope, and put it into his heart to preach salvation to those, who were perishing for lack of vision. This mighty Redeemer will be the rock of his confidence, and a very present help in trouble. It must be a subject of delightful recollection to our afflicted brother, that he has enjoyed the privilege of being united, in the dearest of all relations, with one of so amiable a temper; of an understanding so highly improved; of *benevolence and piety* so eminent; and so entirely devoted to the best of causes. He will also love to remem-

her the favor which God has conferred upon his beloved partner, in enabling her to do and suffer so much, and permitting her to die thus early, for the name of Jesus; in permitting her to be the *first martyr* to the missionary cause from the American world; in removing her after so short a warfare, from a world of sin and sorrow, and carrying her so quickly through a course of discipline, which prepared her for a crown of distinguished glory. The God of Jacob bless and comfort our dear brother, and give him strength according to his day. And may this severe trial be turned to the furtherance of the gospel among the heathen.

FRIENDS OF THE MISSIONARY CAUSE.

Let not your hearts be troubled by the adverse circumstances, which have attended the commencement of our FOREIGN MISSION. Recollect the various hindrances, disappointments, and sufferings, encountered by the APOSTLES, THE FIRST MISSIONARIES OF CHRIST; who yet were destined to spread the triumphs of his cross through the world. The experience of ages leads us to expect that designs of great moment, especially those which relate to the advancement of Christ's

kingdom, will be opposed by mighty obstacles. The adverse circumstances, therefore, which have attended the outset of our Foreign Mission, are far from presenting any discouragement. They rather afforded new evidence, that this Mission is to be numbered with all other enterprises, calculated to promote the honor of God and the welfare of men. These various trials, Brethren, are doubtless intended not only to qualify *Missionaries* for greater usefulness, but also to humble and purify all, who are laboring and praying for the conversion of the heathen. How effectually do these events teach us, that no human efforts can ensure success; that the best qualifications of missionaries abroad, with the largest liberality and most glowing zeal of thousands at home, will be of no efficacy, without the blessing of God. When, by salutary discipline, he shall have brought his servants to exercise a suitable spirit of humility and dependence, and in other respects prepared the way, no doubt he will give glorious success. The cause is *his;* and it is vain to depend for its prosperity on human exertions. The death of Mrs. NEWELL, instead of overcasting our prospects, will certainly turn to the advantage of missions. It will correct and instruct those, who are labor-

ing for the spread of the gospel. The publication of her virtues will quicken and edify thousands. It will also make it apparent, that the missionary cause has irresistible attractions for the most excellent characters. *Her* character will be *identified* with that holy cause. Henceforth, every one, who remembers HARRIET NEWELL, will remember THE FOREIGN MISSION FROM AMERICA. And every one, who reads the history of *this* MISSION, will be sure to read the faithful record of her exemplary life and triumphant death. Thus all her talents, the advantages of her education, the beauties of her mind, the amiableness of her manners, her refined taste, her willingness to give up all that was dear to her in her native land, her fervent love to Christ, her desires and prayers for the advancement of his kingdom, her patience and fortitude in suffering, and the divine consolations which she enjoyed, will all redound to the honor of that sacred cause, to which all she had was devoted. Her life, measured by months and years, was *short*; but far otherwise, when measured by what she achieved. She was the happy instrument of much good to the holy kingdom of Christ, which deserved all her affections and all her labors. She died in a glorious cause. Nor

did she pray, and weep, and die, in vain. Other causes may miscarry; but this will certainly triumph. The LORD God of Israel has pledged his perfections for its success. The time is at hand, when the various tribes of India, and all the nations and kindreds of the earth shall fall down before the KING OF ZION, and submit cheerfully to his reign. A glorious work is to be done among the nations. Christ is to see the travail of his soul, and all his benevolent desires are to be satisfied. The infinite value of his atoning blood is to be completely and universally illustrated; and the full orbed splendor of redeeming love is every where to shine forth. The power of God will soon accomplish a work, which seen in distant prospect, has made thousands, now sleeping in Jesus, leap for joy. Blessed are they who are destined to live, when the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the LORD. And blessed are *we*, who live so near that day, and even begin to see its heavenly dawn. O SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, arise; shine upon the dark places of the earth; fill the world with thy glorious light. AMEN.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Memoirs of MRS. NEWELL *are derived almost entirely from her own writings. Nothing has been added, but what seemed necessary, to give the reader a general view of her character, and to explain some particular occurrences, in which she was concerned. These memoirs contain only a part of her letters and journal. The whole would have made a large volume. The labor of the compiler has been to* select, *and occasionally, especially in her earlier writings, to* abridge. *The letters and journal of this modest, unambitious female would have been confined to the circle of her particular friends, had not the closing scenes of her life, and the missionary zeal, which has recently been kindled in this country, excited in the public mind a lively interest in her character, and given the christian community a kind of property in the productions of her pen. It was obvi-*

osibly most proper to arrange her writings according to the order of time; so that, in a connected series of letters, and extracts from her diary, the reader might be under advantages to observe the progress of her mind, the development of her moral worth, and some of the most important events of her life. This edition has been carefully revised, and enriched with some additional letters.

MEMOIRS

OF

MRS. HARRIET NEWELL.

THE subject of these memoirs was a daughter of Mr. Moses Atwood, a merchant of Haverhill, Mass. and was born Oct. 10, 1793. Her childhood was marked with cheerfulness, sensibility, and a taste for reading.

She manifested no peculiar and lasting seriousness before the year 1806. In the summer of that year, while at the Academy in Bradford, a place highly favored of the Lord, she first became the subject of those deep religious impressions, which laid the foundation of her christian life. With several of her companions in study, she was roused to attend to the one thing needful. They turned off their eyes from beholding vanity, and employed their leisure in searching the Scriptures, and listening to the instructions of those, who taught them the way of life. A few extracts from letters, which she wrote to Miss L. K. of Bradford, will in some measure, show the state of her mind at that time.

1806.

"*Dear L.* I need your kind instructions now as much as ever. I should be willing to leave

every thing for God; willing to be called by any name which tongue can utter, and to undergo any sufferings, if it would but make me humble, and be for his glory. Do advise me what I shall do for his glory. I care not for myself. Though he lay ever so much upon me, I would be content. Oh, could I but recal this summer!—But it is past, never to return. I have one constant companion, the BIBLE, from which I derive the greatest comfort. *This*, I intend for the future shall guide me.

"——Did you ever read Doddridge's Sermons to Young People? They are very beautiful sermons. It appears strange to me, why I am not more interested in the cause of Christ, when he has done so much for us! But I *will* form a resolution that I will give myself up entirely to him. Pray for me, that my heart may be changed. I long for the happy hour when we shall be free from all sin, and enjoy God in heaven. But if it would be for his glory, I should be willing to live my threescore years and ten. My heart bleeds for our companions, who are on the brink of destruction. In what manner shall I speak to them? But perhaps I am in the same way."

In another letter to the same friend, she says—"What did Paul and Silas say to the jailor? *Believe in the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved.* Let us do the same. Let us improve the accepted time, and make our peace with God. This day, my L. I have formed a resolution, that I will devote the remainder of my life entirely to the service of

my God.—Write to me. Tell me my numerous *outward* faults; though you know not the faults of my heart, yet tell me all you know, that I may improve. I shall receive it as a token of love."

THE FOLLOWING SUMMARY ACCOUNT OF HER RELIGIOUS EXERCISES WAS FOUND AMONG HER PRIVATE PAPERS.

DIARY.

"A REVIEW of past religious experience I have often found useful and encouraging. On this account I have written down the exercises of my mind, hoping that, by frequently reading them, I may be led to adore the riches of sovereign grace, praise the Lord for his former kindness to me, and feel encouraged to persevere in a holy life.

"The first ten years of my life were spent in vanity. I was entirely ignorant of the depravity of my heart. The summer that I entered my eleventh year, I attended a dancing school. My conscience would sometimes tell me, that my time was foolishly spent; and though I had never heard it intimated, that such amusements were criminal;—yet I could not rest, until I had solemnly determined that, when the school closed, I would immediately become religious. But these resolutions were not carried into effect. Although I attended every day to secret prayer, and read the Bible with greater attention than before; yet I soon became weary of these exercises,

and, by degrees, omitted entirely the duties of the closet. When I entered my thirteenth year, I was sent by my parents to the Academy at Bradford. A revival of religion commenced in the neighborhood, which in a short time spread into the school. A large number of the young ladies were anxiously inquiring, what they should do to inherit eternal life. I began to inquire what can these things mean? My attention was solemnly called to the concerns of my immortal soul. I was a stranger to hope; and I feared the ridicule of my gay companions. My heart was opposed to the character of God; and I felt that, if I continued an enemy to his government, I must eternally perish. My convictions of sin were not so pungent and distressing, as many have had; but they were of long continuance. It was more than three months, before I was brought to cast my soul on the Savior of sinners, and rely on him alone for salvation. The ecstacies, which many new-born souls possess, were not mine. But if I was not lost in raptures on reflecting upon what I had escaped; I was filled with a sweet peace, a heavenly calmness, which I never can describe. The honors, applauses, and titles of this vain world appeared like trifles light as air. The character of Jesus appeared infinitely lovely, and I could say with the Psalmist, whom have I in heaven but thee: and there is none on earth I desire besides thee. The awful gulf, I had escaped, filled me with astonishment. My gay associates were renounced, and the friends of Jesus became *my* dear friends. The destitute,

broken state of the church at Haverhill prevented me from openly professing my faith in Jesus; but it was a privilege, which I longed to enjoy. But alas! these seasons so precious did not long continue. Soon was I led to exclaim,—Oh that I were as in months past! My zeal for the cause of religion almost entirely abated; while this vain world engrossed my affections, which had been consecrated to my Redeemer. My Bible, once so lovely, was entirely neglected. Novels and romances engaged my thoughts, and hour after hour was foolishly and sinfully spent in the perusal of them. The company of Christians became, by degrees, irksome and unpleasant. I endeavored to shun them. The voice of conscience would frequently whisper; "all is not right." Many a sleepness night have I passed after a day of vanity and sin. But such conflicts did not bring me home to the fold, from which like a stray lamb, I had wandered far away. A religion, which was intimately connected with the amusements of the world, and the friendship of those who are at enmity with God, would have suited well my depraved heart. But I knew that the religion of the gospel was vastly different. It exalts the Creator, while it humbles the creature in the dust.

"Such was my awful situation! I lived only to wound the cause of my ever blessed Savior. Weep, Oh my soul! when contemplating and recording these sins of my youth. Be astonished at the long-suffering of Jehovah!—How great a God is our God! The death of a beloved parent, and uncle had but little effect on my

hard heart. Though these afflictions moved my passions, they did not lead me to the Fountain of consolation. But God, who is rich in mercy, did not leave me here! He had prepared my heart, to receive his grace; and he glorified the riches of his mercy, by carrying on the work. I was providentially invited to visit a friend in Newburyport. I complied with the invitation. The evening previous to my return home, I heard the Rev. Mr. MacF. It was the 28th of June, 1809. How did the truths, which he delivered, sink deep into my inmost soul! My past transgressions rose like great mountains before me. The most poignant anguish seized my mind; my carnal security fled; and I felt myself a guilty transgressor, naked before a holy God. Mr. B. returned with me the next day to Haverhill. Never, no, never, while memory retains her seat in my breast, shall I forget the affectionate manner, in which he addressed me. His conversation had the desired effect. I then made the solemn resolution, as I trust, in the strength of Jesus, that I would make a sincere dedication of my all to my Creator, both for time and eternity. This resolution produced a calm serenity and composure, to which I had long been a stranger. How lovely the way of salvation then appeared!—Oh how lovely was the character of the Savior! The duty of professing publicly on which side I was, now was impressed on my mind. I came forward, and offered myself to the church; was accepted; received into communion; and commemorated, for the first time, the dying love of the

blessed Jesus, August 6th, 1809. This was a precious season long to be remembered!—Oh the depths of sovereign grace! Eternity will be too short to celebrate the perfections of God.

HARRIET ATWOOD."

August 27th, 1809.

Sept. 1, 1806. A large number of my companions, of both sexes, with whom I have associated this summer, are in deep distress for their immortal souls. Many, who were formerly gay and thoughtless, are now in tears, anxiously inquiring, what they shall do to be saved. Oh how rich is the mercy of Jesus! He dispenses his favors to whom he pleases, without regard to age or sex. Surely it is a wonderful display of the sovereignty of God, to make me a subject of his kingdom, while many of my companions, far more amiable than I am, are left to grovel in the dust, or to mourn their wretched condition, without one gleam of hope.

Sept. 4. I have just parted with my companions, with whom I have spent three months at the Academy. I have felt a strong attachment to many of them, particularly to those, who have been hopefully renewed the summer past. But the idea of meeting them in heaven, never more to bid them farewell, silenced every painful thought.

Sept. 10. Been indulged with the privilege of visiting a christian friend this afternoon. Sweet indeed to my heart is the society of the

friends of Immanuel. I never knew true joy until I found it in the exercise of religion.

Sept. 18. How great are the changes, which take place in my mind in the course of one short day! I have felt deeply distressed for the depravity of my heart, and have been ready to despair of the mercy of God. But the light of divine truth has this evening irradiated my soul, and I have enjoyed such composure, as I never knew before.

Sept. 20. This has been a happy day to me. When conversing with a christian friend upon the love of Jesus, I was lost in raptures. My soul rejoiced in the Lord, and joyed in the God of my salvation. A sermon preached by Mr. M. this evening has increased my happiness. This is too much for me, a sinful worm of the dust, deserving only eternal punishment. Lord, it is enough.

Oct. 6. The day on which Christ arose from the dead, has again returned. How shall I spend it? Oh, how the recollection of mispent Sabbaths, embitters every present enjoyment. With pain do I remember the holy hours, which were sinned away. Frequently did I repair to novels, to shorten the irksome hours as they passed. Why was I not cut off in the midst of *this* my wickedness?

Oct. 10. Oh how much have I enjoyed of God this day! Such views of his holy character, such a desire to glorify his holy name, I never before experienced. Oh that this frame might continue through life.

"My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss."

This is my birth day. Thirteen years of my short life have gone forever.

Oct. 25. Permitted by my heavenly Father, once more to hear the gospel's joyful sound. I have enjoyed greater happiness than tongue can describe. I have indeed been joyful in the house of prayer. Lord let me dwell in thy presence forever.

Nov. 2. How wonderful is the superabounding grace of God! Called at an early age to reflect upon my lost condition, and to accept of the terms of salvation, how great are my obligations to live a holy life.

Nov. 4. Examination at the Academy. The young ladies to be separated, perhaps, for life. Oh, how affecting the scene! I have bid my companions farewell. Though they are endeared to me by the strongest ties of affection, yet I must be separated from them, perhaps never to meet them more, till the resurrection. The season has been remarkable for religious impressions. But the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and there are numbers who can say, *we are not saved.*

Nov. 25. A dear Christian sister called on me this afternoon. Her pious conversation produced a solemn but pleasing effect upon my mind. Shall I ever be so unspeakably happy, as to enjoy the society of holy beings in heaven?

"Oh to grace how great a debtor!"

Dec. 3. I have had great discoveries of the wickedness of my heart these three days past. But this evening, God has graciously revealed himself to me in the beauty and glory of his character. The Savior provided for fallen man, is just such an one as I need. He is the one altogether lovely.

Dec. 7. With joy we welcome the morning of another Sabbath. Oh let this holy day be consecrated entirely to God. My Sabbaths on earth will soon be ended, but I look forward with joy unutterable to that holy day, which will never have an end.

Dec. 8. This evening has been very pleasantly spent with my companions, H. and S. B. The attachment which commenced as it were in infancy has been greatly strengthened since their minds have been religiously impressed. How differently are our evenings spent now from what they formerly were! How many evenings have I spent with them in thoughtless vanity and giddy mirth. We have been united in the service of Satan; Oh that we might now be united in the service of God.

Dec. 11. This morning has been devoted to the work of self-examination. Though I find within me an evil heart of unbelief, prone to depart from the living God, yet I have a hope, a strong, unwavering hope, which I would not renounce for worlds. Bless the Lord, Oh my soul, for this blessed assurance of eternal life.

Dec. 15. Grace, free grace is still my song. I am lost in wonder and admiration, when I reflect upon the dealings of God with me.

When I meet with my associates, who are involved in nature's darkness, I am constrained to cry with the poet,

> "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
> And enter while there's room?
> When thousands make a wretched choice,
> And rather starve than come."

Dec. 31. This day has passed away rapidly and happily. Oh, the real bliss that I have enjoyed; such love to God; such a desire to glorify him, I never possessed before. The hour of sweet release will shortly come; Oh, what joyful tidings.

1807.

Jan. 3. A sweet and abiding sense of divine things, still reigns within. Bad health prevented my attending public worship this day. I have enjoyed an unspeakable calmness of mind and a heart burning with love to my exalted Savior. Oh, how shall I find words to express the grateful feelings of my heart. Oh, for an angel's tongue to praise and exalt my Jesus.

Jan. 5. I have had exalted thoughts of the character of God this day. I have ardently longed to depart and be with Jesus.

Jan. 9. How large a share of peace and joy has been mine this evening. The society of Christians delights and animates my heart. Oh how I love those, who love my Redeemer.

March 25. Humility has been the subject of

my meditations this day. I find I have been greatly deficient in this Christian grace. Oh for that meek and lowly spirit which Jesus exhibited in the days of his flesh.

March 25. Little E.'s birth day. Reading of those children who cried hosanna to the Son of David, when he dwelt on earth, I ardently wished that this dear child might be sanctified. She is not too young to be made a subject of Immanuel's kingdom.

May 1. Where is the cross which Christians speak of so frequently? All that I do for Jesus is pleasant. Though perhaps I am ridiculed by the gay and thoughtless for my choice of religion, yet the inward comfort which I enjoy, doubly compensates me for all this. I do not wish for the approbation and love of the world; neither for its splendors nor its riches. For one blest hour at God's right hand, I'll give them all away.

Extracts of a letter to her sister M. at Byfield

Haverhill, Aug. 26, 1807.

—"In what an important station you are placed! The pupils committed to your care will be either adding to your condemnation in the eternal world, or increasing your everlasting happiness. At the awful tribunal of your Judge you will meet them, and there give an account of the manner, in which you have instructed them. Have you given them that advice, which they greatly need? Have you instructed them in religion? Oh my sister! how earnest,

how engaged ought you to be, for their immortal welfare. Recollect, the hour is drawing near, when you and the young ladies committed to your care, must appear before God. If you have invited them to come to the Savior, and make their peace with him, how happy will you then be! But on the other hand, if you have been negligent; awful will be your situation. May the God of peace be with you. May we meet on the right hand of God, and spend an eternity in rejoicing in his favor.

HARRIET ATWOOD."

When HARRIET ATWOOD was a member of Bradford Academy, it was customary for her companions in study, whose minds were turned to religious subjects, to maintain a familiar correspondence with each other. A few specimens of the letters or billets, which HARRIET wrote to one of her particular friends at that time, will show the nature of the correspondence.

To Miss F. W. of Bradford Academy.

Bradford Academy, Sept. 1807.

"As we are candidates for eternity, how careful ought we to be, that religion be our principal concern. Perhaps this night our souls may be required of us—we may end our existence here, and enter the eternal world. Are we prepared to meet our Judge? Do we depend upon Christ's righteousness for acceptance? Are we convinced of our own sinfulness, and inability to help ourselves? Is

Christ's love esteemed more by us, than the friendship of this world? Do we feel willing to take up our cross daily and follow Jesus? These questions, my dear Miss W. are important; and if we can answer them, in the affirmative, we are prepared for God to require our souls of us when he pleases.

May the Spirit guide you, and an interest in the Savior be given you. Adieu.

HARRIET."

Wednesday afternoon, 3 o'clock.

To Miss F. W. of Bradford Academy.

Bradford Academy, Sept. 11, 1807.

"As heirs of immortality, one would naturally imagine, we should strive to enter in at the strait gate, and use all our endeavors to be heirs of future happiness. But alas! how infinitely short do we fall of the duty we owe to GOD; and to our own souls! O my friend, could you look into my heart, what could you there find, but a sinful stupidity, and rebellion against God? But yet I dare to hope! O how surprising, how astonishing is the redemption, which Christ has procured, whereby sinners may be reconciled to him, and through his merits dare to hope! O may his death animate us to a holy obedience. H. A."

To Miss F. W. of Bradford Academy.

Bradford Academy, Sept. 1807.

"How solemn, my dear Miss W. is the idea, that we must soon part! Solemn as it is, yet what is it, when compared with parting at the

bar of God, and being separated through all eternity! Religion is worth our attention, and every moment of our lives ought to be devoted to its concerns. Time is short, but eternity is long; and when we have once plunged into that fathomless abyss, our situation will never be altered. If we have served God here, and prepared for death, glorious will be our reward hereafter. But if we have not, and have hardened our hearts against the Lord, our day of grace will be past, and our souls irrecoverably lost. Oh then, let us press forward, and seek and serve the Lord here, that we may enjoy him hereafter. Favor me with frequent visits while we are together, and when we part, let epistolary visits be constant. Adieu, yours, &c. HARRIET."

A very frequent and affectionate correspondence was continued between Harriet Atwood and the same friend after she left the Academy and returned to Beverly, her place of residence.

To Miss F. W. of Beverly.

Haverhill, Oct. 12, 1807.

"ONCE more, my dear Miss W, I take my pen and attempt writing a few lines to you. Shall religion be my theme? What other subject can I choose, that will be of any importance to our immortal souls? How little do we realize that we are probationers for eternity? We have entered upon an existence that will never end; and in the future world shall either

enjoy happiness unspeakably great, or suffer misery in the extreme to all eternity. We have every inducement to awake from the sleep of death, and to engage in the cause of Christ. In this time of awful declension, God calls loudly upon us to enlist under his banners, and promote his glory in a sinful, stupid world. If we are brought from a state of darkness into God's marvellous light, and are turned from Satan to the Redeemer, how thankful ought we to be. Thousands of our age are at this present period, going on in thoughtless security; and why are not we left? It is of God's infinite mercy and free abounding grace. Can we not with our whole hearts bow before the King of kings, and say, "not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name be all the glory." Oh my dear Miss W. why are our affections placed one moment upon this world, when the great things of religion are of such vast importance? Oh that God would rend his heavens and come down, and awaken our stupid drowsy senses. What great reason have I to complain of my awfully stubborn will, and mourn my unworthy treatment of the Son of God? Thou alone, Dear Jesus, canst soften the heart of stone, and bow the will to thy holy sceptre. Display thy power in our hearts and make us fit subjects for thy Kingdom above.

How happy did I feel when I read your affectionate epistle; and that happiness was doubly increased, when you observed that you should, on the Sabbath succeeding, be engaged in the solemn transaction of giving

yourself to God, publicly in an everlasting covenant. My sincere desire and earnest prayer at the throne of grace shall ever be, that you may adorn the profession which you have made, and become an advocate for the religion of Jesus.

Let us obey the solemn admonitions we daily receive, and prepare to meet our God. May the glorious and blessed Redeemer who can reconcile rebellious mortals to himself, make us both holy, that we may be happy. Write soon and often. I am yours affectionately, HARRIET ATWOOD."

To Miss F. W. of Beverly.

Haverhill, Dec. 2, 1807.

"MOST sincerely do I thank you, my dear Miss W. for your kind and affectionate epistle, which you last favored me with. Is religion and the concerns of futurity still the object of your attention? New scenes daily open to us, and there is the greatest reason to fear that some of us will fall short at last of an interest in Jesus Christ. A few more rising and setting suns, and we shall be called to give an account to our final Judge, of the manner in which we have improved our probationary state; then, then, the religion which we profess,—will it stand the test? Oh! let us with the greatest care, examine ourselves, and see if our religion will cover us from the storms of divine wrath;—whether our chief desire is to glorify God, to honor his cause, and to become entirely devoted to him. What a word

is *Eternity!* Let us reflect upon it; although we cannot penetrate into its unsearchable depths, yet perhaps it may have an impressive weight upon our minds, and lead us to a constant preparation for that hour, when we shall enter the confines of that state, and be either happy or miserable through an endless duration.

Last evening I attended a conference at Mr. H's. Mr. B. addressed us from these words, "I pray thee have me excused." His design was to shew what excuses the unconverted person will make for not attending to the calls of religion. It was the most solemn conference I ever heard. Oh! my friend, of what infinite importance is it, that we be faithful in the cause of our Master, and use all our endeavors to glorify him, the short space of time we have to live on earth. Oh! may we so live, that when we are called to enter the eternal world, we may with satisfaction give up our accounts, and go where we can behold the King in his glory. We have every thing to engage us in the concerns of our immortal souls. If we will but accept of Christ Jesus as he is freely offered to us in the gospel, committing ourselves unreservedly into his hands, all will be ours, life and death, things present, and things to come. We should desire to be holy as God is holy. And in some degree we must be holy, even as he is, or we can never enter that holy habitation where Jesus dwells.

Oh! my dear Miss W. I cannot but hope that you are now engaged for Christ, and are determined not to let this world any longer

engross your attention. Be constant in prayer. Pray that your friend Harriet may no longer be so stupid and inattentive to the great concerns of religion. Pray that she may be aroused from this lethargic state and attend to Christ's call. With reluctance I bid you adieu, my dear Miss W. Do favor me with a long epistle; tell me your feelings; how you view the character of God in the atonement for sinners. May we have a part in that purchase. Remember your friend,

HARRIET."

To Miss F. W. of Beverly.

Haverhill, Feb. 13, 1808.

"ACCEPT, my dear Miss W my sincere thanks for your epistle. Your ideas of the necessity of religion in the last extremity of expiring nature, perfectly coincide with mine. Yes, although we may reject the Savior and become engaged in the concerns of this vain and wicked world; although while in youth and health, we may live as though this world were our home, yet when the hour of dissolution shall draw near, when eternity shall be unfolded to our view, what, at that trying moment, will be our consolation, but an assurance of pardoned guilt, and an interest in the merits of Christ the Redeemer? We are now probationers for a never-ending state of existence, and are forming characters, upon which our future happiness or misery depends. Oh, if we could only have a sense of these all important considerations!—How criminally stupid are we, when we know that these

are eternal realities! Why are we not alive to God and our duty, and dead to sin? This world is a state of trials, a vale of tears; it is not our home. But an eternity of happiness or woe hangs on this inch of time. Soon will our state be unalterably fixed. Oh let this solemn consideration have its proper weight on our minds, and let us now be wise for eternity.

How little are we engaged to promote the interest of religion. At this day, when the love of many waxeth cold and iniquity increaseth, how ought every faculty of our souls to be alive to God.

Do write often, and perhaps, the blessing of an all-wise God may attend your epistles. In your earnest supplications at the throne of almighty grace, remember your affectionate, though unworthy friend HARRIET.

P. S. I long to see you and unfold to you the inmost recesses of my heart. Do make it convenient to visit H. this spring, and although it may be unpleasing to you to hear the wickedness of your friend Harriet's heart, yet perhaps you, my dear Miss W. can say something which will now make me resolve in earnest, that, let others serve whom they will, I will serve the Lord."

To the same, dated H. April 20, 1808.

"THIS morning, my beloved Miss W. your kind epistle was handed me, in which you express a wish, that it might find me engaged in the cause of God. Oh that your wish could be gratified! But let me tell you, I am still the

same careless, inattentive creature.—What in this world can we find capable of satisfying the desires of our immortal souls? Not one of the endowments, which are derived from any thing short of God, will avail us in the solemn and important hour of death. All the vanities, which the world terms accomplishments, will then appear of little value. Yes, my beloved companion, in that moment we shall find that nothing will suffice to hide the real nakedness of the natural mind, but the furnished robe, in which the child of God shines with purest lustre, the Savior's righteousness. Oh! that we might, by the assistance of God, deck our souls in the all perfect robe. Our souls are of infinite importance, and an eternity of misery, "where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched," awaits us, if we do not attend to their concerns. I should be happy, my amiable friend, in visiting you this spring. But with reluctance I must decline your generous offer. A dear and beloved parent is in a declining state of health, and we fear, if indulgent Heaven do not interpose, and stop the course of his sickness, death will deprive us of his society and the grave open to receive him. Oh! that his life might be spared, and his health once more established, to cheer his family and friends. But in all these afflictive dispensations of God's providence, may it ever be my prayer, "not my will, O Lord! but thine be done."

I do not expect to attend B. academy this summer. We shall have a school in H. which, with my parents' consent, I expect to attend.

Do visit me this spring, my dear Miss W. Your letters are always received with pleasure. My best wishes for your present and eternal happiness attend you.

I am yours, &c. HARRIET."

To Miss C. P. of Newburyport.

"Dear C. *Haverhill, Feb.* 16, 1808.

SINCE you left us, death has entered our family, and deprived us of an affectionate uncle. After lingering two days after you returned to your friends, he fell asleep, as we trust, in Jesus.

Oh, C. could you but have witnessed his dying struggles! Distress and anguish were his constant companions, till about ten minutes before his spirit winged its way to the eternal world; then he was deprived of speech; he looked upon us, closed his eyes and expired. He would often say, 'Oh how I long for the happy hour's approach, when I shall find a sweet release; but not my will, but thine, O God, be done.' When we stood weeping around his dying bed, he looked upon us and said, "Mourn not for me, my friends, but mourn for yourselves." Oh my C. let us now be persuaded to lay hold on Jesus, as the only Savior. If we trust in him for protection, he will preserve us in all the trying scenes of life, and when the hour of dissolution shall come, we shall be enabled to give ourselves to him, and consign our bodies to the tomb with pleasure.

What a world is this! Full of anxiety and trouble! My dear father is very feeble; a bad

cough attends him, which we fear will prove fatal. What a blessing, my friend, are parents! Let us attend to their instructions and reproofs, while we possess them, that, when death shall separate us, we may have no cause to regret that we were undutiful. While we, do every thing we can to make them happy, let us remember that it is God alone can compensate them for their labors of love. Far distant be the hour when either of us shall be called to mourn the loss of our dear parents.

Do, my dear C. write to me; tell me if this world does not appear more and more trifling to you. May the sweet influences of the Holy Spirit, be shed abroad in your heart. Oh, may happiness attend you in this vale of tears, and may you be conducted to the haven of eternal rest. Accept the wish of your ever affectionate HARRIET."

To Miss C. P. of Newburyport.

Haverhill, April 24, 1803.

"ACCEPT, my dear C. my kindest acknowledgments, for your last affectionate epistle, in the perusal of which, I had the most pleasing sensations. You observed, your contemplations had frequently dwelt on those hours, we spent in each others' society, while at Bradford Academy; and that you regretted the misimprovement of them. Alas! how many hours have we spent in trifling conversation, which will avail us nothing. Let our imaginations often wing their way back to those hours, which can never be recalled.

"'Tis greatly wise, to talk with our past hours,
"And ask them what report they've borne to heaven,
"And how they might have borne more welcome news."

Will the recollection of the moments that are now speeding their flight, afford satisfaction at the last? Oh, that we might improve our time and talents to the glory of God, that the review of them may be pleasing.

You ask me to write to you, and to write something that will awaken you from stupidity. I would my dear C. but I am still in the same careless state.

My father still remains in a critical situation. Permit me to request an interest in your prayers for him; but be assured, there is none they will be more serviceable to, than your dear friend, HARRIET."

To Miss F. W. of Beverly.

AFTER THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.

Haverhill, May 24, 1808.

"IN the late trying and afflictive scenes of God's providence, which I have been called to pass through, I have flattered myself, that the tenderest sympathy has been awakened in the heart of my beloved F. Oh my companion; this is a scene peculiarly trying to me. How much do my circumstances require every divine consolation and direction, to make this death a salutary warning to me. The guardian of my tender years, he, who, under God has been made an instrument in giving me existence, my father, my nearest earthly

friend, where is he? The cold clods of the valley cover him, and the worms feed upon his cold and lifeless body. Can it be, that I am left fatherless? Heart-rending reflection! Oh my dear, dear Miss W. may you never be left to mourn the loss, which I now experience. Oh, that your parents may be spared to you, and you ever honor them, and be a blessing to them, even in their declining years.

Glance a thought on *nine* fatherless children, and a widowed and afflicted mother! But if we are fatherless, Oh, may we never be friendless. May He who has promised to be the father of the fatherless, and the widow's God, enable us to rely upon him, and receive grace to help in this time of need; and although the present affliction is not joyous, but grievous, Oh that it may be instrumental in working out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

Do come and see me—I long once more to embrace my friend, and to tell her what I owe her for all her favors. Adieu, my beloved Miss W. receive this as a token of renewed affection from your HARRIET.

Respects to your parents and love to sister N."

From some passages in the foregoing papers, and also from what follows, it appears, that during the year 1808, she was in a state of religious declension and darkness. According to the statement of one, who was competent to testify; "She appeared gradually to lose her fondness for retirement, and her de-

light in the Scriptures, and associated more freely with her former gay companions But nothing was manifested, which afforded any just ground for suspecting her sincerity." What views she entertained of that state of declension, and by what means she was recovered to duty and comfort, will appear from some of the following letters and diary.

To Miss C. P. of Newburyport.

Haverhill, Feb. 27, 1809.

"My dear C.

WHAT have you been reading this winter? I presume you have had sufficient time to improve your mind in the study of history, &c. For my part I know not what to say. A constant round of worldly engagements and occupations have I fear engrossed far too much of my time.

I have of late been quite interested in reading Miss Helen Maria Williams's Letters on the French revolution, and am now reading Rollin's Ancient History. In the morning of life when no perplexing cares interrupt or vex our minds, we should spend every moment of our time in improving our minds, by reading, or attending to conversation that is beneficial. Our time is short! Perhaps we may be cut off in the morning of our days. Oh that we might improve each moment of our lives, "And make each day a critic on the last."

Adieu, I am, &c. HARRIET."

1809.

July 1. God has been pleased in infinite mercy, again to call up my attention to eternal realities. After spending more than a year, in the vanities of the world—thoughtless and unconcerned respecting my eternal welfare, he has, as I humbly trust, showed me my awful backslidings from him, and my dependance upon his grace for every blessing.

I do now, in the strength of Jesus, *resolve*, that I will no longer sacrifice my immortal soul for what I have *hitherto* deemed my temporal happiness. Oh that I might be enabled to come out from the world, and to profess Christ as my Redeemer before multitudes. I now see, that I have enjoyed no happiness in my pursuit of worldly pleasure. Not in the play-room—not in the vain and idle conversation of my companions, not in the bustle of a crowded life, have I found happiness. This heaven-born guest is found only in the bosom of the child of Jesus. How awfully aggravated will be my condemnation, if I do not, after this *second* call awaken all my drowsy faculties and become *earnestly* engaged for God.

July 10. How foolishly, how wickedly have I spent this day! What have I done for God? Nothing I fear. Oh how many mispent days shall I have to answer, at the tribunal of an holy Judge! Then how does it become me, to set a watch upon my behavior; as one that must shortly give an account to God. Oh thou blessed Jesus, grant thy assistance, that I may live as I ought.

July 16. *Sabbath morn.* Solemnly impressed with a sense of my duty to God, I entered his holy courts this morning. What am *I*, that I should be blessed with the gospel's joyful sound, while so many are now perishing in heathen darkness for lack of the knowledge of Christ.

Sabbath eve. I have now offered myself to the Church of God, and have been assisted by him. Perhaps they will not receive me; but Oh God, wilt *thou* accept me through a Mediator.

I have now let my companions see, I am not ashamed of Jesus. Oh that I might not dishonor the cause, I am about professing. In Christ *alone*, will I put my trust, and rely entirely on *his* righteousness for the pardon of my aggravated transgressions.

July 17. Have spent the day at home. I think I have enjoyed something of God's presence. Felt a disposition, frequently to call upon him by prayer and supplication.

July 18. At this late hour, when no one beholdeth me but God, how solemnly—how sincerely ought I to be engaged for him?

The family are retired to rest. The darkness and silence of the night, and the reflection, that the night of death will soon overtake me, conspire to solemnize my mind. What have I done this day for God? Have I lived as a stranger and pilgrim on the earth; as one that must soon leave this world and "go the way from whence no traveller returns!"

Oh that I were more engaged for God—more engaged to promote his cause, in the midst of a perverse generation.

July 20. This evening, I had a most solemn meeting with one of my dear and most intimate companions. I warned her in the most expressive language of my heart, to repent. She appeared affected. I left her; and after returning home, I trust, I was enabled to commend her to the God of infinite mercy, and to wrestle with him for her conviction and conversion.

July 22. Was informed that —— appeared serious and unusually affected. Oh that God might work a work of grace in his heart, and enable him to resign all earthly vanities, for an interest in the great Redeemer. He has talents, which if abused, will only add to his everlasting condemnation. Oh thou God of infinite mercy,—thou who hast had pity on *me*, show *him* mercy, and awaken him to a sense of his situation, before the things that concern his peace, are hid, forever, from his eyes.

July 30. *Sabbath day.* Arose this morning, but little impressed with a sense of the duties before me, upon this holy day. My health obliged me to decline going to the house of God in the morning. But I think I could say, it was good for me to be afflicted. God was graciously pleased to assist me in calling upon his name, and permitted me to wrestle with him in prayer for the prosperity of Zion and for the conversion of sinners. I felt a desire that every one of my friends might be brought to a knowledge of the truth. This afternoon I

have attended meeting, and heard a most excellent sermon preached by Mr. W. from Matt. xxvi, 6—13. He passed the Sabbath with us, and gave us excellent instructions. But of what use is advice and religious conversation to me, if I do not improve them as I ought? These instructions will rise up in judgment against me and condemn me, if I am not, indeed, a child of God. Oh for a heart to love God more, and live more to his glory. How can I hope to enter that heavenly rest, prepared for the people of Jesus, when I so often transgress his laws.

Aug. 6. *Lord's day morning.* Upon this sacred morning, Oh that the Holy Spirit of God would enliven and animate my cold and stupid affections. Oh that I might this day enter his earthly courts, worship him in an acceptable manner, profess his name before a scoffing world, sit down at his table, and partake, in faith, of the body and blood of Jesus.

Sabbath eve. And now I have entered into the most solemn engagement to be the Lord's, I have confessed Christ before the world—I have renounced my wicked companions—I have solemnly promised, that denying ungodliness and every worldly lust, I will live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world. If I should, after taking these solemn vows and covenant engagements upon me, dishonor the cause of my Redeemer—if I should give the enemies of religion reason to say, there is nothing in religion—if I should again return to my former courses, Oh how dreadfully aggravated will be my condemnation! What ex-

cuse could I render at the tribunal of a just Judge? My mouth would be stopped, and I should plead guilty before him. How then does it become me to watch and pray, lest the devices of Satan, the world, or my own remaining corruptions should lead me into temptation.

In thee, Oh God, do I put my trust, from thee do I hope to obtain mercy in the day of retribution.

Aug. 10. How stupid, how cold I grow! Where is that fervor—that zeal—that animation, I ought to have, after professing to know and receive Jesus, as my Redeemer? How alluring are the vanities of time? How prone my heart to wander from God? How ready to engage in the trifles of this wicked world? Descend, thou holy Spirit: Breathe into my soul a flame of ardent love; let not my affections wander from the *one*, and *only* thing that is needful.

To Miss F. W. of Beverly.

Haverhill, August, 1809—*Sabbath morn.*

"A FEW moments this sacred morning shall be devoted to my beloved Miss W. After discontinuing for so long a time our correspondence, I again address you. By the endearing title of a friend, I again attempt to lay open my heart before you. But what shall I say? Shall I tell you, that since I last saw you, I have made great progress in divine grace? To you, my ever dear friend, will I unbosom my heart; to you will I describe my feelings. Yes;

I will tell you what God has done for my soul. About six weeks since he was pleased, in infinite mercy, again to call up my attention to the concerns of my soul; again to show me the evil of my ways. I have now publicly confessed my faith in him. I have taken the vows of the covenant upon me, and solemnly surrendered myself to him, eternally. Oh, Miss W.! should I now be left to dishonor this holy cause, what would be my eternal condemnation? Oh! pray for me. Entreat God to have mercy upon me, and keep me from falling. After I left you at the Academy, I by degrees grew more and more neglectful of serious and eternal realities. When I review the past year of my life; when I reflect upon the wound I have brought upon the blessed religion of Jesus, I am constrained to cry, why has God extended his mercy to the vilest of the race of Adam? Why has he again showed favor to me, after I have so wickedly abused his precious invitations and grieved his holy Spirit? It is a God, who is rich in mercy, abundant in goodness, and of great compassion, that has done these great things, as I trust, for me. How can I be too much engaged for him, too much conformed to his holy will, after these abundant manifestations of his love and mercy. Oh, that I could spend my few remaining days as I ought, even *entirely* devoted to the delightful service of the dear Redeemer.

Sabbath eve. I have just returned from the house of God, where I have heard two excellent sermons preached by our beloved pastor. What unspeakable privileges we enjoy! The

Gospel trump is sounding in our ears, Jesus is proclaimed as "ready and willing to save all those that come unto God by him." And why, my dear Miss W. are not these privileges taken from us, and given to the heathen, who have never heard of a Savior and are perishing for lack of knowledge? God is indulging us with them for wise and holy ends. And if we do not estimate them according to their real value, and improve under the calls and invitations of the Gospel, there will remain for us "no more sacrifice, but a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation." When sitting beneath the Gospel's joyful sound, I think I can never again be careless or inattentive to religious concerns. But how soon does the world intervene between God and my soul—how soon do the trifling vanities of time engross my affections. Oh, my dear friend, did you know the temptations, with which I am surrounded, I am confident you would pity me, and intercede for me at the throne of grace. But I have this consolation; Jesus was tempted while on earth; he pities his tempted saints, and will surely enable them to persevere unto the end.

> "He knows what sore temptations mean,
> "For he has felt the same."

I long, dear Miss W. to see you. I long to converse with you on the great importance of being really children of God. I long for your assistance while wandering in this wilderness. I think, if I know my heart, I can say, I *do* love

God, and his children. If I do not love Him, if I do not love his image whenever I see it, I know not what I love. Though Providence sees fit to separate us, yet let us be active in our endeavors to assist each other in our journey to the heavenly Canaan by our letters and our prayers.

I have now opened to you my heart. Do write to me; do instruct me in the important doctrines of the Gospel. May your journey in this vale of tears be sweetened by the presence of the blessed Jesus. May you go on from strength to strength, and when you are released from this burden of clay, appear in the heavenly Jerusalem before God, and spend an eternity at his right hand, where is fulness of joy. Adieu.

I am, yours, &c. HARRIET ATWOOD."

1809.

Aug. 13. Again have I enjoyed sabbath and sanctuary privileges. But my heart—alas! how can I live in such dreadful stupidity! Awaken, O God, my drowsy powers; animate and warm these cold and languid affections. Why are not my privileges taken from me and given to the heathen?

Aug. 18. I have been this day in the company of some of my young and gay companions. Oh, why did I neglect, faithfully, to warn them of their danger, and entreat them to repent? How foolish, how trifling is the conversation of the children of this world! Give me but my BIBLE—and my *retirements*

and I would willingly surrender every thing else on earth.

Aug. 26. How fleeting, are the days appointed to mortals! Another week has glided away. It becomes me to ask myself; have I lived to the glory of God? What have I done in the service of Him, who has done so much for me, even laid down his precious life, to redeem my soul? What answer does conscience make? Oh, that I could be enabled to come to that fountain which is open for Judah and Jerusalem to wash in; and cleanse my soul from all pollution. The time, which ought to have been spent in the service of a holy God, has been trifled away in the vanities of a wicked world.

Aug. 27. Have again been indulged with sabbath and sanctuary privileges. The gospel trump has again sounded in my ears. Christians have been called to be more engaged in the cause of Jesus; and sinners have been affectionately urged to attend to the concerns of their never-dying souls.

Mr. D. addressed us from these words; "Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked." Afternoon, "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men." He explained the various duties, incumbent on christians, whereby they might do good unto their fellow mortals. Let me examine my own heart. Have I done good, according to the ability, with which God has blessed me to the souls of my friends and acquaintance? How much reason have I to complain of my unfruitfulness—of my little engagedness in prayer? Awaken in

me, O thou that hearest prayer, a disposition to cry, in earnest, for the salvation of souls. Oh that I might realize the greatness of the privilege, with which the blessed Jehovah has indulged me, in giving me a throne of grace through the mediation of Jesus.

Aug 28. I awoke last night, and spent a most delightful hour in contemplating divine truth. The words of David flowed sweetly through my mind, "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul." Most willingly would I resign all earthly pleasures for *one* such hour in communion with my God.

Sept. 29. Mr. T. preached our preparatory lecture this afternoon. Text, "Jesus answered and said, my kingdom is not of this world." Examined myself strictly by this question; Am I indeed a real member of Christ's kingdom? If I am, why are my affections so languid—my heart so cold—my desires so few, for the enlargement of Christ's kingdom? Why is my heart so prone to leave God? Why am I so interested in the concerns of time and sense,—and why are the important concerns of my soul so little regarded? Decide, dearest Jesus, the doubtful case. If I never yet have tasted and seen, that thou art gracious, Oh let me now, before it be forever too late.

Attended our conference this evening. I think I enjoyed what the world could neither give nor take away.

Sept. 30. How inestimable, the blessing of a sincere, a pious friend! Drank tea with Mrs. M. In the most friendly manner, she spoke

of my former conduct, and tenderly reproved me, for an incident which occurred the past day. I acknowledged my fault—confessed my obligations to her for her advice, and sensibly felt the importance of watchfulness and prayer, that I might be kept from entering into temptation. May the review of my former life, serve to humble me in the dust before God, and make me more active than ever in his blessed service.

Oct. 1. The vanities of time have engaged too great a share of my affections. The concerns of my soul have been too much neglected. Oh, for the invigorating influences of the holy Spirit, to animate my drowsy faculties. Time is short—this month, perhaps, may be my last. Have again been permitted to sit down at the table of the Lord. Oh, how unworthy am I of these precious privileges. Why am I suffered to enjoy them?

Have this day heard a most solemn discourse preached by Mr. D. from these words, "Unto you, Oh men I call, and my voice is unto the sons of men." He mentioned the dying exercises of a Mr. B. whose remains were committed to the tomb the Saturday preceding. His resignation to the Divine will was remarkable. In his dying moments, he warned his young companions of their danger, while out of Christ. May this solemn stroke of Providence, be sanctified to the young people in this place. Oh that God, in infinite mercy, would be pleased to bring it near *my* heart, and make it the means of weaning me

from this world, and preparing me for the enjoyment of his celestial kingdom.

Oct. 7. Another week is rolled away, and my probationary existence is still lengthened out. But to what purpose do I live? Why am I supported in this world of *hope*, when I am daily transgressing the laws of a holy God, and grieving his blessed Spirit? Astonishing grace! Wonderful compassion, that still prolongs my days, after such rebellion! Spare me, Oh my God, spare me, yet a little longer, and by thy grace enable me to do *some little* work in thy vineyard.

Oct. 12. Attended another of our conferences. But how stupid have I felt this evening! It is perfectly just that I should not have enjoyed the light of God's countenance; for I had no heart to ask him, to make the evening profitable to my *own* soul, or to the souls of *others*.

Prayer is the breath of the christian: when that is omitted, farewell enjoyment.

To Miss F. W. of Beverly.

Haverhill, Oct. 12, 1809.

"THE pleasing sensations, dear Miss W. which your letter excited, can better be conceived, than described. Your affectionate advice I sincerely thank you for. And Oh! that I might be enabled to follow it. But what shall I write you? Shall I tell you I grow in grace and in conformity to God? *Alas!* I still have

reason to lament my awful stupidity, my distance from God, and in the language of the publican, to cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner" "Laden with guilt, a heavy load;" oppressed with the temptations of a subtle adversary, the world ever ready to call my affections, how can I be supported? But here, my friend, I find there is a way provided whereby God can be just and yet justify even me. In the redemption a Savior has purchased there is an infinite fulness, sufficient to supply all our wants. On the precious mount of Calvary hangs all my hope. In his atoning blood, who suffered and died, my sins can be washed away; and however vile and loathsome in myself, in him I can find cleansing. What wonderful compassion is displayed in the plan of Salvation! That the Maker and Preserver of the Universe having all things under his control, should not spare even his own Son, but deliver him up to die on the accursed tree, for mortals who had transgressed his law, and deserved eternal misery! This mystery of mysteries the angels desire to look into. That the *just* should endure the agonies of a painful and ignominious death, for the *unjust*, is what we cannot comprehend. But my friend, *what* must be our situation to all Eternity, if after such wonderful compassion, we should fall short of an interest in the death of Jesus? How awful must be the sentence that will be passed upon *us* who sit under the Gospel's joyful sound, if we slight the offers of salvation? Oh may this never be our situation! But

by unfeigned repentance and cordial submission to the blessed Redeemer, and by lives spent in his service, Oh, may we be prepared to join the society of the Redeemed above.

Yesterday afternoon I attended a Lecture in the Academy at Bradford. The emotions which vibrated in my mind, while sitting in this Seminary of learning, I cannot describe. Imagination recalled those scenes which I had witnessed in that place. That season was a precious one to many souls, when the Spirit of God moved among us, and compelled sinners to tremble and earnestly inquire what they should do to inherit eternal life. But those days are past. No more do I hear my companions exclaiming. "Who can dwell with devouring fire? Who can inherit everlasting burnings?" No more do I hear souls, who for years have been under the bondage of sin, exclaim, "Come, and I will tell you what God hath done for me." He has, I hope, delivered me from the horrible pity and miry clay, has established my goings, and put a new song into my mouth, even praise to his name." But under these general declensions from the truth of the Gospel, still the "Lord doeth all things well." He will revive his work in his own time. He will repair the waste places of Zion, and sinners will again flock unto him as clouds and as doves to their windows. And blessed be his name he makes his children the honored instruments in building up his kingdom. Let us then, my dear Miss W. exert all our faculties to promote his cause. Let us

warn sinners of their danger, and walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called. Wishing you the light of God's countenance, I bid you adieu. HARRIET."

1809.

Oct. 19. Drank tea with mama, at Mrs. C.'s. A conference there in the evening. Mr. D. paraphrased the Lord's prayer; and was enabled to wrestle fervently with his divine Master, for the revival of religion in this place. As for myself—I felt stupid—could easily trace the cause of my feelings. Had no opportunity, this day, of pouring out my soul to God in prayer. My mother insisted on my accompanying her to Mrs. C.'s; I did; though with as great reluctance, as I ever obeyed a command of her's.

I know by experience, that no opportunities for improvement do me any good, unless the divine blessing is previously requested.

"Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the christian's armor bright:
And Satan trembles, when he sees,
The weakest saint upon his knees."

Oct. 21. This day, God in infinite mercy has seen fit to grant me near access to his mercy seat. I have been enabled to call upon his name, and to plead with him; for his spiritual Jerusalem. Oh that he would hear and accept

my feeble petitions, and answer them for his own name's sake.

Oct. 23. Have just returned from our reading society; and feel condemned for my gayety and light conduct, before my companions. Have found nothing this evening to satisfy the desires of my soul. Greatly fear, that I have brought a wound upon the cause of the blessed Immanuel. Oh that I might be enabled to glorify God, by my future devotedness to him.

Oct. 30. Two servants of Jesus Christ, called upon us this afternoon; Mr. W. and Mr. E. Their conversation was very interesting and instructive. Mr. W. informed us of the serious attention, that appeared to be commencing in A. Oh that Jehovah would pour down his Spirit there. Oh that he would ride from conquering to conquer, and make, not only A. a place of his power, but *Haverhill* also. Arise, blessed Jesus! plead thine own cause, and have mercy upon Zion. Now when men are making void thy law, arise; build up thy spiritual Jerusalem, and let her no longer mourn, "because so few come to her solemn feasts."

Oct. 30. Have just returned from our reading society. Have nothing to complain of this evening, but my gayety and lightness. Ramsay's History of Washington was introduced. The meeting very regular and orderly. Sincerely wish, it might be the means of improving our minds in the knowledge of our *own* and *other* countries. And Oh, that from a knowledge of the world which God has made, our minds might be led to the Creator.

Oct. 31. Have spent this day prayerless and stupid. "Oh that I were as in months past," when I felt a spirit of prayer, for the interest of Zion—for the salvation of immortal souls.

Nov. 6. Our reading society met this evening. Have just returned home;—find little or no satisfaction in the review.

Although the company were light and gay, I pitied them; and in my heart, commended them to God. But I fear I countenanced them, and gave them reason to say of me, "what do you more than others?"

Possessed naturally, with such a rude and ungovernable disposition, I sometimes find it difficult to keep within proper bounds. Often does my heart condemn me for my trifling conduct;—conscience reproaches; and frequently I am led to the conclusion that I will no more leave the residence of my mother—have no more to do with the world, but seclude myself, and spend my few remaining days, *entirely* devoted to the Best of Beings. But this will not be following the example of the blessed Jesus. No, while I am in the world, let it be my constant endeavor, to do all the good I can to my fellow mortals—to rise above its frowns and flatteries, and give no occasion for any reproach to be brought upon the cause of religion.

Nov. 8. My dear friend, and as I humbly trust, my spiritual father, Mr. B. called upon us, a few moments. He expects to preach for Mr. D. next Sabbath. On seeing him, I could not but recal the many different scenes,

that passed while under his instructions. But these scenes, remain in remembrance *only*, No more, I hear my companions exclaiming "What shall I do to inherit eternal life." No more, I hear them telling to all around them, what the Redeemer has done for their souls. That was indeed a precious season to many, and will be remembered with joy to all eternity. But to some the privileges of that season, will, I fear, be the means of sinking them lower in eternal torments! Dreadful thought!

Nov. 12. This has indeed been a blessed day to my *soul*, though I have been afflicted with a severe pain in my head. Attended public worship—heard two solemn sermons from our dear friend Mr. B. What a striking instance is it, of the awful hardness of the heart, that when the terrors of the Almighty are set before mortals—and they are told by God's faithful servants, their awful situation, while unreconciled to the divine character, that it has so little effect upon them.

Nov. 13. A severe head-ach still attends me; but I desire to be submissive to the will of God, and bear without murmuring, whatever he sees fit to lay upon me. His ways are best: and he has graciously promised, "that all things shall work together for good to those that love him." But do I love him? Have I that love to him, that will enable me to keep all his commandments? Do I love him with all my heart, having no rival in my affections? "Search me, Oh God, and know me," search me by thy Spirit, and lead me in the way of eternal life.

Nov. 69. Have just returned from singing school. Surrounded by my gay companions, I have found, that I could place no dependance on my *own* strength; without the assistance of Jesus, I shall fall into temptation, and wound his cause.

To Miss C. F. of Boston.

Haverhill. Not dated.

"PARDON, dearest C. the long silence of your friend Harriet. Although I have omitted answering your affectionate epistle, my heart has been often with you. Yes, C. often have I fancied seeing you, engaged to promote the cause of the blessed Immanuel, solemnly renouncing the vanities of an alluring world, and taking the decided part of a child of God. Oh, may you be enabled to follow on to know the Lord, and constantly live as a disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus. I sincerely and ardently wish you the aids of the Holy Spirit, and a heart habitually conformed to the holy character of God. Great and precious are the promises, an infinitely merciful Jehovah has made in his word, to those who persevere in well doing. But how great the guilt, and how aggravated must be the condemnation of those, who are represented as being often reproved, and yet harden their hearts against God?

While we hear the denunciations of God's wrath to the finally impenitent, let us, my friend, be active to secure an interest in his

favor. Then, let what will befal us in this life, our souls will rest safe on the Rock of ages; Jesus will be our guide and friend through earth's tedious pilgrimage; he will be our support through the valley of the shadow of death; and when released from this clayey tenement, will admit us to the new and heavenly Jerusalem.

Upon reviewing the scenes of the past, I find but little or no satisfaction. A hard impenitent heart, an engagedness in the concerns of time and sense, and an awful stupidity respecting eternity, I have this day felt. Oh, C. I am astonished, when I view the feelings of my heart But still more am I astonished, when I reflect upon the forbearance of God, who still supports me in existence, still indulges me with the day and means of grace.

Thursday morning. Yesterday I attended a fast at the west parish. Heard one most excellent sermon, and a number of interesting addresses. The exercises were very solemn and instructive. I long to have you with us. Since I last saw you we have been highly favored by God. Oh, that he would hasten that happy period, when the whole earth shall be brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. Let us frequently and earnestly intercede at the throne of grace, for the commencement of the Millennium.

Wishing you the light of God's countenance, and a heart to labor aright in his vineyard, I bid you, my friend, an affectionate farewel.

Yours, &c. HARRIET.

To Miss F. W. of Beverly.

Haverhill, Sabbath eve—Nov. 26, 1809.

"I HAVE this moment received, dear Miss W. your inestimable letter, in which you affectionately congratulate me on the happiness of "tasting, that the Lord is gracious."

Assailed by temptations; surrounded with the gay and thoughtless; and with but few of the humble followers of the Lamb to guide me in the path of duty, or to instruct me in the great things of the kingdom, what feelings do I experience, when receiving from my beloved friend, a letter, filled not only with assurances of continued affection, but with encomiums upon the character of the dear Immanuel, as "being the chief among ten thousands and altogether lovely." Often does my heart glow with gratitude to the Parent of mercies, for bestowing on *me* such a favor, as *one* friend, to whom I can disclose the secret recesses of my heart, and with whom I can converse upon the important doctrines of the gospel, and an eternal state of felicity prepared for those, whose "robes have been washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Have you not, my friend, often felt, when conversing upon these great truths, a flame of divine love kindle in your heart; and have you not solemnly resolved, that you would live nearer to the blessed Jehovah?

I have this day been permitted to worship God in his earthly courts. How unspeakably great are the privileges with which we are in-

dulged, in this land of gospel light! The Sabbath before last, Mr. B. exchanged with Mr. D. Oh, my beloved Miss W. could you have heard the important truths he preached,—the impressive manner in which he held forth the terrors of God to the impenitent, and the necessity of immediate repentance, surely, it must to you, have been a blessed season. But it had no visible effect upon the minds of the people here. A dreadful inattention to religion still prevails. The youth are very thoughtless, and gay;—"iniquity abounds, and the love of many waxes cold." But there are, as I humbly trust, a pious *few*, who are daily making intercession at the throne of grace, for the prosperity of Zion.

What encouragement have we, my dear friend, to wrestle at the throne of mercy, for renewing, and sanctifying grace, for ourselves, and the whole Israel of God; even in times of the greatest declension. Jehovah hath promised, that he will hear the prayers of his children; and that if offered up in sincerity of heart, he will, in his own time; send gracious answers.

Next Friday evening, it being the evening after Thanksgiving, a *ball* is appointed in this place. I think it probable that E. whom you once saw anxiously inquiring, what she should do to inherit eternal life, will attend. Oh, my beloved friend, you cannot know my feelings. It is dreadful to see mortals bound to eternity, spending their lives with no apparent concern about their never dying souls. But it is, if

possible, more dreadful to see those, who have "put their hands to the plough, look back, or being often reproved, harden their hearts against God."

How unsearchable are the ways of Jehovah! When I look around me, and see so many of my friends and companions, who are by nature endowed with much greater talents than I am, and who would, if partakers of the grace of God, be made the instrument of doing so much more good in the world, left in a state of sin, I am constrained to say,

"Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

I could, my dear Miss W. write you all night: But a violent head-ach has attended me this day, and wearied nature requires repose. I sincerely thank you, for the affectionate invitation you have given me to visit you. I wish it were possible for me to comply with your request; perhaps I may, this winter; but I shall not place much dependance upon it, as every thing is so uncertain. Do, my friend, visit Haverhill—I long to see you: But if Providence has determined we shall never meet again in this world, Oh, may we meet in our heavenly Father's kingdom, and never more endure a separation. In haste,

I am, &c. yours. HARRIET."

1809.

Feb. 1. This evening, a *ball* is appointed at ——. My dear —— will probably attend. I have resolved to devote some part of the evening in praying particularly for them. Oh, that God would stop them in the midst of their sinful career, and let them no longer spend their *precious* moments in following the pleasures of this vain world.

Dec. 31. I have now come to the close of another year. How various have been the scenes, which I have been called to pass through this year? But what have I done for God? what for the interest of religion? and what for my own soul? I have passed through *one* of the most solemn scenes of my life—I have taken the sacramental covenant upon me—I have solemnly joined myself to the Church of the blessed Jesus.

Oh, that I might now, as in the presence of the great Jehovah, and his holy angels, with penitential sorrow, confess my past ingratitude, and in humble reliance on the strength of Jesus, resolve to devote the ensuing year, and the remaining part of my days to his service.

1810.

Feb. 10. What great reason, have I, for thankfulness to God, that I am still in the land of the living, and have another opportunity of recording with my pen, his tender mercy and loving kindness? I have been, for almost five weeks, unable to write; and for a

week confined to my bed. But JESUS has undertaken to be my Physician; he has graciously restored me to health; and when greatly distressed with pain, he has afforded me the sweet consolations of his Spirit, and brought me, willingly, to resign my soul into his arms, and wait the event of his Providence, whether life or death.

Oh, that this sickness might be for my eternal good! may it be made the means of weaning me from all terrestrial enjoyments, and of fixing my hope and trust in the merits of Jesus. Then should I have cause to bless God, for his chastening rod, and through eternity, count all these afflictive dispensations, as great mercies.

Feb. 18. How easily can God disconcert the plans formed by short sighted mortals? I had fondly flattered myself, that before this, I should have met with the assembly of the saints, and have sitten under the droppings of the sanctuary;—that I should have joined my Christian friends, in their social conference, and heard the truths of the gospel explained by our dear Pastor. But Jehovah determined otherwise. He has again laid his chastising rod upon me, by afflicting me with sickness and pain. But, "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him." I have a renewed opportunity of examining my submission to God. And do now, as in his presence, renewedly resolve to devote myself, a living sacrifice to him. I think I can say, that afflictions are good for me. In times

of the greatest distress, I have been brought to cry within myself; "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth to him good." I think I am *willing* to bear whatever God sees fit to lay upon me. Let my dear heavenly Father inflict the *keenest* anguish, I will submit; for he is infinitely excellent, and *can* do nothing wrong.

Feb. 25. With the light of this holy morning, I desire to offer to the kind Shepherd of Israel, who never slumbers nor sleeps, a morning tribute of thanksgiving and praise. Oh that my whole soul might be drawn out in love to God; and may all my faculties unite with the inhabitants of the New Jerusalem, in praising the immortal King, for what he *has* done, and still *is doing* for rebellious man. But I fall *infinitely* short of the honor due to his glorious name. When shall I arrive at the destined port of rest, and with the blood-washed millions, praise the Lamb of God for redeeming love? Hasten, blessed Immanuel that glorious period, when all thy exile children, shall arrive at their eternal home. Oh for a tongue to sound aloud the honors of the dear Jesus.

March 2. Have, this afternoon, been solemnly admonished, by seeing the remains of Mr. E. carried by the house. And can it be, that *I*, who am now so actively engaged in the affairs of *this* world, shall shortly be conveyed, on a bier, to the cold grave? Yes the righteous Judge has declared to the race of Adam; "dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

Soon this sentence will be executed upon me. Prepare, Oh my soul, to meet thy God.

March 6. What unspeakable consolation does it afford the children of God, to reflect; that the great Jehovah is carrying on his work of grace; that earth and hell *combined*, cannot hinder, what he has designed to accomplish.

March 10. How awfully depraved is the natural heart! Every day I can see more and more of *my own* apostasy from God. Break, compassionate Immanuel, Oh, *break* this stony heart of mine, and *compel* me to live as an obedient child.

March 13. How engaged am I in the concerns of this world! I cannot but ask myself the question, have I any reason to imagine, that I am interested in the covenant of life? If so, why am I thus? Why this awful distance from God? "Search me, Oh God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

March 22. Have again been permitted to attend a religious conference. Mr. T. preached from these words; "Do thyself no harm." How astonishing, that I can be so negligent in duty, when there are so many immortal souls around me, that are doing themselves *eternal* harm! Why do I not *feel* their awful condition, and solemnly warn them, both by precept and example, "to flee from the wrath to come?"

To Miss F. W. of Beverly.

Haverhill, March 31, 1810.

"FAVORED by Divine Providence with an opportunity of expressing my gratitude to my beloved Miss W. for all the testimonies of friendship which she has shewn me, I cordially embrace it. Your last friendly letter was this day received. To assure you how much happiness your letters confer on me would be but what I have already told you. The one I received when on a bed of sickness was a *real treasure.* My feeble health alone prevented my answering it before I have lately been led to dwell much on the Doctrine of the Divine Decrees. I should like to have your ideas on the subject. Although God is under no obligations to save *one* of the apostate race of Adam, and it would not derogate from his justice, were he to send all to eternal torments; yet to display the riches of his grace he determines to save a few. Why should we say, what doest thou? The children of God are, or ought to be, lights in the world. But I fear that I shall be a stumbling-block to others. I have often thought myself one of those, who are "tossed to and fro and carried about by every wind of doctrine." When I hear arguments on one side I think I am convinced. When on the other I think the same. But I leave this subject for the present.

Let me tell you that I fondly indulge the hope of seeing you before long. Mr. H. and myself have thought considerably of a ride to Beverly. Should not our wishes be frustrated,

I shall probably see you in four or five weeks; if not, then I shall relinquish the idea, as I shall commence attending school in May. When I see you, I will relate to you my exercises in my past illness.

Have we not abundant reason to rejoice in the government of God? He is carrying on his work, converting sinners, and making the wrath of man to praise him. Oh that Haverhill and Beverly might experience the influence of the Holy Spirit. God can work here as easily, as in Salem and Manchester. Let us be ardent and constant at the throne of mercy, that the blessed Immanuel would revive his work, and pour out his Spirit on the Churches and people, with which we are connected. Oh why, my friend, are we so cold and stupid? I earnestly request an interest in your prayers.

Yours sincerely, HARRIET."

1810.

April 6. This evening, had some interesting conversation with a friend, upon the past scenes of my life. Oh how is my life filled up with folly and sin! Surely, if I am ever pardoned and accepted by the blessed Redeemer, I must ascribe it *wholly* to the mercy of God.

April 29. A sudden death, this week. Mrs. C. was in health and prosperity *one* hour, and the *next*—in the cold embraces of the universal conqueror! May this solemn event, be sanctified to surviving friends. And may it

lead *me* to place my affections on the things of eternity.

May 4. Just returned from the house of God. Had a most interesting sermon, preached by Mr. A— Text; "Ye are the salt of the earth; but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted."

Mr. E. called upon us a few moments, and informed us, there was a great revival of religion in his society and town. Oh how did it rejoice my heart! However cold and stupid, I can *in sincerity* say, that I *love* to hear of the conversion of sinners. Must Haverhill be left destitute of the work of the Spirit? Oh let me be ardent and constant at the throne of grace, for the outpouring of the Spirit; and a revival of religion amongst us.

May 11. Called upon a friend this morning, who, to human appearance, is on the brink of the grave. She was speechless, though not senseless. Her very *countenance* declared the importance of religion. Never shall I forget, the affectionate manner, in which she pressed my hand to her bosom, and lifted her eyes to heaven, as if calling down a blessing upon me. Oh that I could rightly improve this affecting dispensation of Providence.

May 24. I have been where heaven and hell, the soul and eternity, appear important subjects! The people in B. are awake. Attended two evening lectures—the meeting-house thronged with solemn and attentive hearers.

May 29. Attended singing school this evening. Though meetings for this purpose be

ever so pleasant, yet so great have been my temptations the winter past, that I could not feel sorry that the meetings were concluded. Hope I have not brought dishonor upon the cause of Jesus, by my careless behavior, before my companions.

May 30. Election day. This day recalls many painful events, which occurred last year, at this time. How was I then laboring for "the meat that perisheth,"—following the leadings of a trifling heart. It was infinite mercy, that snatched me from the abyss, and, as I humbly trust, made me a monument of redeeming love. "Praise the Lord, Oh my soul."

June 2. Have had some interesting conversation with Miss W. upon the situation of my dear E. Who knows, thought I, but what she might now have been earnestly engaged in the cause of the Redeemer, if it were not for my unchristian conduct. How can I think of being an enemy to the souls of my dear friends?

June 3. Solemn indeed have been the transactions of this day. Oh that they might be remembered with joy through eternity. Had some humbling views of my past ingratitude. The aggravated transgressions of my life, the last six months, in particular, have been laid open before me. Have again solemnly resolved to live to God. If I should again become stupid——but no,—I *cannot*—I *will* surrender myself to Jesus. He will keep me from falling, and present me faultless before his Father's throne.

June 4. Have been solemnly impressed with the worth of immortal souls this day. The welfare of my school companions, lies near my heart. In what way can I be serviceable to them? They have souls, as valuable as mine. Oh then, let me use my best endeavors to bring them to the knowledge of the truth, and save them from that awful punishment, which awaits the finally impenitent.

June 8. Afflicted with a severe pain in my head. A celebrated author observes, that every pain we feel, is a warning to us, to be prepared for death. Oh that it may have this effect upon me.

June 20. How unsatisfying and unstable are all the enjoyments of time. I am daily more convinced that nothing short of the unchangeable Jehovah, can afford real happiness. To day, we may imagine ourselves possessed of a friend, who will not forsake us; to-morrow, that same person may prove a deceiver. May I learn wisdom from the news I have this evening heard. Oh that *such* things might have a happy tendency to wean me from this world, and prepare me for another.

June 30. Called on my dear friend E. She has lately experienced affliction. She told me that she was resigned to divine Providence, and could rejoice, even in the hour of distress. Happy composure! What joys, Oh ye deluded followers of unrighteousness, have you to boast, compared with that experienced by a humble follower of Jesus?

July 1. Hail sacred morning! Once ushered in with the most interesting events, ever registered in the records of time. On this holy morning, the Savior rose from the grave. Expect this day to commemorate the sufferings of the Lamb of God. Grant me, gracious God, sweet communion with thee. Let me not eat and drink judgment to myself.

July 7. How have I spent the day? What a dreadful sink of wickedness is my heart. Must I resign the idea, of ever feeling the *power* of religion? Surely if I am a child of God, I could not live so stupid.

July 19. Favored with the privilege of attending a lecture this afternoon. Our dear minister preached from these words: "How long halt ye between two opinions;" a most solemn discourse. In the evening, a meeting at Mr. D.'s for religious conversation. A small number of young people appear unusually solemn. Has God already begun to show the riches of his grace? Will he not arise, and have mercy on Haverhill, and make it a place, where he will delight to dwell?

Aug. 6. How soon are my resolutions, to live wholly to God, broken! My conscience daily reproaches me, for my unfaithfulness to my companions, to myself and to my God. If any one should have told me, when light first shone on my mind, that I should feel such indifference to the salvation of sinners, and so little love to God, as I now feel, I should have exclaimed, *impossible!*

Oct. 10. This day entered upon my eighteenth year. Seventeen years have rolled, almost insensibly, away. I still remain a pilgrim in this barren land. Merciful Jesus, on the commencement of this year, may the supporting hand be underneath me, and if my life is prolonged, may it be more faithfully devoted to thee, and to thy blessed cause.

Oct. 20. A female friend called upon us this morning. She informed me of her determination, to quit her native land, to endure the sufferings of a Christian amongst heathen nations —to spend her days in India's sultry clime. How did this news affect my heart! Is she willing to do all this for God; and shall I refuse to lend my little aid, in a land where divine revelation has shed its clearest rays? I have *felt* more, for the salvation of the heathen, this day, than I recollect to have felt, through my whole past life.

How dreadful their situation! What heart but would bleed at the idea of the sufferings they endure, to obtain the joys of Paradise? What can *I* do, that the light of the gospel may shine upon them? They are perishing for lack of knowledge, while I enjoy the glorious privileges of a Christian land. Great God direct me! Oh make me in *some* way beneficial to their immortal souls!

Oct. 21. Had a joyful meeting, this day, in the house of God. "When I am weak, then am I strong." Have experienced the truth of this declaration, this day. Went to meeting in the morning afflicted with bodily pain, yet joy-

ful in the God of my salvation. Reflecting on the melancholy state of our church, was distressed, lest the deserved judgments of the Almighty, should be poured out upon us. But the words of the dear Redeemer, "fear not little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," sweetly refreshed and animated my desponding spirit. I desire ever to bless the Lord, for the manifestations of his love, this day. He has taught me, that neither Paul, nor Apollos, is any thing, without his grace. Ministers may faithfully preach; but the word will not prove successful, if God does not touch the heart.

I have seen the glory of God in his sanctuary. "I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." The Lord is good; may it be my delightful employment on earth, to praise him; and in heaven may I join the enraptured millions, in a song that shall *never* end.

Oct. 23. Mr. M. introduced Mr. N. to our family. He appears to be an engaged Christian. Expects to spend his life, in preaching a Savior to the benighted pagans.

Oct. 31. Mr. N. called on us this morning. He gave me some account of the dealings of God with his soul. If such a man, who has devoted himself to the service of the gospel, has determined to labor in the most difficult part of the vineyard, and is willing to renounce his earthly happiness for the interest of religion; if *he* doubts his possessing love to God;—what shall *I* say of *myself?*

Nov. 4. Have once more commemorated the dying love of Jesus. Have entertained some faint views of the character of God; and mourned for the evil of sin. How condescending is God, to permit hell-deserving rebels to commune with him at his table! What, on *earth*, can equal the love of Jehovah! He treats those who are by nature, his *enemies*, like *children*.

Nov. 6. Sleep has fled from me, and my soul is enveloped in a dark cloud of troubles! Oh that God would direct me; that he would plainly mark out the path of duty, and let me not depart from it.

Nov. 10. Have this day commenced reading Law's Serious Call to a holy life. How infinitely short, do I fall, of this holy conformity to my Maker, which he describes, as the property of a Christian! I am as much obligated to yield myself a willing soldier to Christ, to fight his battles, and glorify him, in every action of my life, as he who ministers at the altar, and performs the office of a preacher. Why then, am I not employed in his service? Why stand I here *idle*, all the day?

Extract of a letter to her Sister M. at Charlestown.

Nov. 18, 1810.

"How gracious, my dear sister, has God been to us. Uninterrupted health, food and raiment are ours. But when I enumerate our many mercies it is with deep humility, that I look back on my past life, and discover so *lit-*

tle gratitude, and so *much* unworthiness. How much has sovereign grace done for me. Though I have solemnly professed to find consolation in Religion, to derive my hopes of happiness only from God; yet how often have I roved in quest of pleasure, and dishonored the best of Masters, by an unholy life. How ungrateful have I been for the common mercies of life, and for the still more precious blessings of the Holy Spirit. May every temporal blessing which your heart can wish, be yours. But whatever be the trials, through which you are called to pass, Oh may that heaven born religion attend you, which can sweeten the bitter cup of life, afford you joy in this vale of tears, support you in nature's last extremity, and conduct you to the Heavenly Canaan, where undisturbed happiness will ever reign. Life is but a vapor. Whether we spend it in tranquillity and ease, or in pain and suffering, time will soon land us on the shores of Eternity, our destined home. These things, my dear sister, my heart tells me, are solemn realities. They are not fictions. Though the language of my past life has been, "there is no future state;" yet I *now* feel there is an Eternity, where I shall meet my earthly friends, and stand accountable to the great tribunal for my conduct towards them. I regret the loss of those hours I have lost in vanity, and in wounding the cause of that dear Redeemer, whom I think, if I am not greatly deceived, I can now call *mine*. I think I can say with the Psalmist,

"whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." —His religion comforts and supports my drooping spirits; his promises encourage, and his glories warm my heart. But where am I. The striking clock reminds me of the lateness of the hour. These delightful, these heart consoling subjects have almost made me forget that "tired nature requires repose."

To Miss S. H. Andover.

Haverhill, Nov. 20, 1810.

"WILL it afford my dear Miss H. the least satisfaction to hear of the health and happiness of her friends at Haverhill? Let me assure you of our perfect health, and of our united wishes for your happiness, both temporal and eternal. While many of our friends are languishing on beds of sickness, sighing for the return of health,—while many have gone the "way of all the earth," "have heard their sentence and received their doom;" we are still enjoying the blessings of health, and are not out of the reach of pardoning mercy. Ought not a review of these daily blessings to excite in us the liveliest gratitude? How should our whole lives be a constant series of grateful acknowledgement to the Parent of mercies for bestowing such great, such unmerited favors on rebels doomed to die.—Is my friend, Miss H. rejoicing in God? Does she find joy and peace in believing? This I sincerely hope is your happy situation. I have infinite rea-

son to confess my obligation to God, for the faint discoveries I have lately entertained of his glorious character. Yes, my dear Miss H. I still find the promises precious, and Jesus unchangeable. Though I am worthless and undeserving, yet the blessed Immanuel is lovely and worthy of the united praises of saints and angels. Though I am often led to doubt my interest in this *dear* Savior, yet *sometimes* I can rejoice in his perfections and exclaim with Thomas, "my Lord and my God."

You have undoubtedly heard of the departure of Mrs. S. Her faith and patience endured to the end. What a happy exchange has she made! Who would not wish to die the death of the righteous, who would not wish their last end to be like her's?

Mrs. M. appears to enjoy religion—she wishes much to see you. A general stupidity to the one thing needful still prevails. When will the showers of divine grace be poured out upon this place? Will not this church, this vine of God's planting, rejoice to see the work of the Lord prospering? Your earnest prayers are requested for a revival of pure and undefiled religion in Haverhill. Mr. Newell preached a lecture here last evening. Do we not need such *faithful* preachers here as much as the benighted pagans in India? Is not the situation of gospel sinners much more desperate, than that of those, who have never heard of a Savior? But still we have reason to rejoice that God has inclined a faithful few

to preach Jesus to the heathen. Oh may their labors be blessed. May they see the inhabitants of the wilderness, embracing the offers of mercy. We shall expect to see you with Mr. W. on Saturday. Do not disappoint us.

Accept this from HARRIET."

To Miss M. T. of Newbury.

Boston, Feb. 18, 1811.

"WHAT, my dear friend, (if I may enjoy the privilege of corresponding with you,) shall be the subject of our letters? Shall the common occurrences of life, and the flattering compliments of the *polite world* fill our sheets; or that religion, which is the glory of the bright intelligences of heaven, and the consolation of trembling believers on earth? I think I can confidently affirm that the latter will be *your* choice. As for *myself*, I can say that if I never felt the power of *this* religion, yet it is a theme upon which I love to converse, write and reflect. It is a duty incumbent on the children of God to reprove, encourage and animate each other on their journey to the upper world. Every Christian has difficulties to overcome, temptations to encounter, and a warfare to accomplish, which the world are strangers to. If pilgrims in the same country can in the least console each other, and sweeten the thorny journey, by familiar intercourse, they ought not to neglect it. We, my dear M. are professedly interested in the same cause. Our home is professedly in heaven;

we have temptations, difficulties, trials and doubts, which, if we are believers, are in unison. I feel that *I* need the prayers and the advice of all the followers of the Lamb. I have "an evil heart of unbelief," prone to "depart from the living God." Will M. pray for me? Will she bear me in remembrance when supplicating mercy for *other* sinners? You *shall not* be forgotten by H. No. If the Friend of sinners will lend a listening ear to *my* feeble cries, M. *shall* be strengthened and blessed. By these united cries we may draw down from heaven favors never to be forgotten. *Painful* recollection often recurs to those weeks that I spent at Bradford. I say *painful*, because I fear that my conduct brought a wound on that religion, which I should wish to honor. While I lament with humility the loss of many precious hours, and the stupidity which I then experienced, I have reason to adore the mercy of Jehovah, that has since granted me refreshing showers of grace. Yes, M. my mind has been greatly exercised since I last saw you. Never before did the promises of the gospel appear so precious; the character of God so lovely, and immortal souls of so much worth. I tremble at the idea of being again involved in the vanities of a world which can afford no pleasure, and of feeling indifferent about the kingdom of Jesus. But I am a dependant creature; if forsaken of God I shall perish. My hope is on his grace. What, my friend, is the state of *your* mind? Are you enjoying the light of a Savior's countenance? Are you fast

progressing heavenward; and are you possessing joy that is unspeakable and full of glory? This I hope is your situation. "A soul redeem'd demands a life of praise." Let our future lives evince our gratitude, and every thought be brought into subjection to the Father of spirits. It is now about three weeks since I left H. Last Sabbath I enjoyed the pleasure of hearing the good Dr. G. preach. This pleasure I hope often to be favored with while I continue with my sister M. I have been these two days with our friends the Misses F.'s. My time has passed very pleasantly with them.

I have more things to *tell* you than I have time to *write*. A number of interesting occurrences have happened since I saw you. Should I again be indulged with an interview with you, I fear I shall tire your patience with a history of my troubles and pleasures. But I must leave you, my M. May you enjoy the influences of the Holy Spirit in life, consolation in death, and a seat in the mansions of blessedness. HARRIET."

1811.

Feb. 24. For four weeks past have been visiting my sister at C. The first week, I was remarkably favored with the presence of Immanuel. Never before did I gain such access to the mercy-seat, and entertain such glorious views of the character of God, and such humil-

iating ideas of my *own* as a sinner. But I have since experienced a sad reverse. My God, why hast thou forsaken me? Oh for that invigorating grace, which the Savior dispenses to his followers! But can I hope myself his follower?

Last Sabbath went with Mr. H. and sister M. to hear Dr. G. His language, his very features spoke the emotion of his soul. His text was in Corinthians, "When I was a child, I spake as a child," &c.

As we entered the meeting house, they were singing my favorite hymn, "Lord what a wretched land is this;" &c. in a melancholy air. Such were my sensations, that I could hardly refrain from weeping. How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts, where the gospel of Jesus is proclaimed!

Feb. 25. After spending the day in trifling conversation, I was permitted to enjoy the privileges of attending a Christian conference, where the evening was spent in praying, singing, and conversing upon the things of religion.

Feb. 26. Mr. H. and sister M. informed me, that my dear mama wished me to engage in a school, the ensuing summer. Can I think of such a responsible situation as that of instructing little immortals? I know that I ought not to consult my own ease; the question should be, how can I be most useful in the world? I hope I shall be directed by Heaven! Oh that God would use me as an instrument of promoting his glory; whether it be in the domes-

tic circle, or in the arduous employment, of "teaching young ideas how to shoot."

Feb. 27. I have spent the greatest part of the day in reading. I find that I am *indeed* ignorant—long to have time to devote myself *wholly* to the improvement of my mind. While endeavoring to obtain useful knowledge, Oh may I never forget, that if at last found a hypocrite, I shall be capable of greater sufferings, than if totally ignorant.

Feb. 28. Afflicted with a violent pain in my head. Experience daily evinces, that afflictions will do me no good, unless sanctified. Have had some sense of the presence of Jehovah, and some longing desires to be wholly conformed to him. When shall this vain world lose its power to charm, and the religion of the gospel influence my heart and life? Oh when shall I die—when shall I live forever? How many times this day, have I repeated that Hymn of Dr. Watts's; "Lord, what a wretched land is this."

March 1. Father of lights, it is the office of thy Spirit, to create holy exercises in the hearts of thy creatures. Oh may I enter upon this month with renewed resolutions to devote myself exclusively to thee; that at the close of it, I may not sigh over mispent hours.

March 3. Heard an admirable sermon this morning from Dr. G. Have likewise communed with God at his table. Oh this cold, stupid heart! I long for wings to fly away from this clod of earth, and participate the holiness and pleasures of the saints within the vail.

March 4. Have this day visited at—. The entertainmest of the evening was splendid and *extravagant*. Query. Is it consistent with the humble religion of the gospel, for professors, who ought to deny themselves and take up their cross daily, to expend *that* money, which is God's, and is only lent them for pious uses, in providing dainties to please the palate, and in clothes to *ornament* their bodies?

Where is the vast difference between the children of God and the children of this world? As far as I have examined the subject it is my candid opinion, that if Christians would appropriate more of their property to charitable purposes, instead of making such extravagant provision for the flesh,—would men imitate the example of the meek and lowly Jesus—feel indifferent to the smiles and frowns of the world; religion would flourish, the kingdom of God would be built up, and happy effects would be visible to the world.

March 9. This is a delightful evening! Not a cloud is in the heavens to intercept the bright rays of the moon. All nature both animate and inanimate, appears combined in the blessed enployment of praising God. The moon shining in her glory, and the planets and stars are monitors, that speak more loudly to me, than ten thousand human voices. Awake my slothful soul; nothing in creation has half thy work to perform; and Oh, let it not be said, that nothing is half so dull.

March 25. God has not left himself without witness in the earth. No; he is still manifest

ing the riches of his grace, in bringing home his chosen ones. A young lady of my acquaintance, formerly gay and a stranger to piety, has hopefully become a follower of the Lamb: And has my dear M. chosen Jesus for her friend and portion? I cannot but stand amazed, to see the salvation of God.

March 30. Have found much encouragement and satisfaction of late in reading some of Newton's works. They are *indeed* a treasure. He penetrates my heart; and while he exposes my depravity, he points me to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.

April 1. This is an interesting public day. Oh that the supreme Ruler of all events, would incline every citizen, to vote for that man who is most worthy of the office of a governor. The aspect of the times is dark; but God can bring good out of evil, and continue to us our national blessings. I often find this reflection a sweet solace in the hour of darkness, that no event, however small, can take place without the permission and direction of the great Jehovah.

April 7. This is a day, on which God usually manifests the glories of his character to his dear children. How exactly calculated are all the means and ordinances of the gospel, for the comfort and improvement of the saints. What an act of love and wisdom was it in God, to select one day from the week, to be appropriated to his worship. Were it not for this glorious day, I should be in danger of losing all sense of eternal things.

April 9. What shall a stupid Christian do? Stupid Christian did I say! Can a *Christian* ever feel stupid? It is an inconsistent title. But notwithstanding all my death-like stupidity, I cannot renounce the hope of being a child of the most High. What shall I do, a dependant, guilty creature, to gain access to the mercy-seat, and derive a supply of grace from the fountain of life. Draw me, thou Savior of sinners, and I will run after thee. Oh lead me beside the still waters, and refresh my soul with heavenly food.

April 17. How shall I record the events of this day! How can I tranquillize my disturbed mind enough to engage in the *once* delightful employment of writing? Returned from Boston in the evening, after spending three days very agreeably with my friends, C. and N. M. handed me a letter with an appearance which indicated that something unusual was contained in it. I broke the seal, and what were my emotions, when I read the name of ——. This was not a long wished for letter,—no; it was a long dreaded one; which I was conscious would involve me in doubt, anxiety, and distress. Nor were the contents such, as I might answer at a *distant* period;—they required an *immediate* answer. And now what shall I say?—How shall I decide this *important*, this *interesting* question?—Shall I consent to leave forever the *Parent* of my youth;—the *friends* of my life;—the dear scenes of my childhood, and my native country; and go to a land of *strangers*, "not knowing the things

which shall befal me there?"—Oh, for direction from heaven! Oh for "that wisdom which is profitable to direct!"—I will go to God, and with an unprejudiced mind, seek his guidance. I will cast this heavy burden on him, humbly trusting that he will sustain me, and direct me in the path of duty.

April 19. The *important decision* is not *yet* made. I am still wavering. I long to see and converse with my dear mother! So delicate is my situation, that I dare not unbosom my heart to a single person. What shall I do? Could tears direct me in the path of duty, surely I should be directed.—My heart aches—I know not *what* to do!—"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah."

April 21. Have now retired to my chamber, once more, to vent in silence, my unavailing sighs, and with an almost *bursting heart*, implore divine relief and direction.

I shall go home on Tuesday.—Never did I so *greatly long* to visit the dear native dwelling.

April 22. Perhaps, my dear Mother will *immediately* say; *Harriet shall never go.* Well, if this should be the case, my duty would be *plain.* I *cannot* act contrary to the advice and express commands of a *pious mother.*

The fact was, that her mother made no objection to her accepting the offer of Mr. Newell, but cheerfully left her to act according to her conviction of duty.

To Miss F. W. of Beverly.

Haverhill, April 29, 1811.

"It has not been for want of inclination, or from forgetfulness, that I have thus long neglected writing to my dear friend, Miss W.: but every day has brought with it various and new occupations; and though my friends have not been forgotten, yet I confess I have not been so punctual as I ought. I need not assure you, that your letter produced many pleasing sensations. I hope this will find you enjoying the presence of our covenant Savior; and engaged in the promotion of his glorious cause. Christians are greatly criminal for not living in the constant enjoyment of God. He is ever ready and willing to manifest the glories of his character to their souls; and nothing but their native opposition to holiness, and their love of evil, ever prevents. Are not believers inconsistent creatures? They can speak of a Savior's love,—the happiness resulting from an acquaintance with God, and point out the road to impenitent sinners, which alone will lead to substantial bliss; and yet often wander in forbidden paths —lose all relish for spiritual enjoyments, and rest contented with the low pleasures of sense.

If I am a child of Jesus, this inconsistency has often been mine. And yet I long for a greater sense of my dependance, and more entire conformity to Him who died for me. If any thing here deserves the name of happiness, it does not spring from earth. No! it is of heavenly birth, and comes from the regions

of purity. The vast and boundless desires implanted in the human heart, cannot be satisfied with any thing short of God. Nothing in heaven or earth is capable of affording real bliss without him.

I have spent three months this last winter with my sister at C. My religious privileges have been more extensive than usual. I have been favored with frequent opportunities of hearing Dr. G. preach, and have likewise attended many serious meetings. But I still wanted an heart to improve under the cultivation of Jehovah's hand. Neither afflictions nor enjoyments will do us good, unless sanctified by divine grace.

Since my return to H. I have sometimes enjoyed much consolation in committing myself and all my concerns into the hands of God. Some *circumstances*, which at some future time I may communicate to you, I hope will have a tendency to wean me from this world, and fasten my heart to Heaven. I *do*, my dear friend, find *this*, "a desert world, replete with sin and sorrow." I often long to leave it, and find a sweet release from every woe.

I visited Miss F. at Boston often. H. returned from H. about three weeks since; she observed she intended writing to your sister N.

I have not read the book mentioned in your last, but confide in your judgment,—think it must be entertaining.

I hope to have the pleasure of a visit from you this summer—I wish much to see you and your sister—hope you are both enjoying

the light of the Sun of righteousness. Persevere, my friend, in the Christian life, and pray for your friend Harriet. Our pilgrimage will shortly be ended, and all the trials of life will be over. Oh may we meet in heaven; and join with the angelic host around the throne, in adoring the matchless perfections of Immanuel, through the ages of eternity. I am, my dear Miss W. affectionately yours.

HARRIET."

To Miss M. S. of Boston.

Haverhill, Sabbath eve—May, 1811.

"WHILE agitated with doubts and conflicts, with the gay world in opposition, it has afforded me much consolation to think I have a friend in M. who can feel my sorrows and sympathize with me in grief. I have passed through many interesting and solemn scenes, since I last saw you. Returning to Haverhill, I found my dear mama calm and composed. So completely was she filled with a sense of the shortness of time, the uncertainty of life, and the duty of giving up our dearest comforts to the Lord, that she never raised one objection, but wished me to act according as my conscience directed. I felt an unspeakable consolation in committing the disposal of this event to God. I thought I could willingly renounce my own opinion, and sitting at the feet of Jesus, be guided entirely by him. Mr. N.

has visited us frequently. He wishes not to influence me; he would not if he could.

And now, my dear M. what will you say to me, when I tell you, that I *do* think, seriously think, of quitting my native land forever, and of going to a far distant country, "not knowing the things which shall befal me there." Should I refuse to make this sacrifice, refuse to lend my little aid in the promulgation of the Gospel amongst the heathen, how could I ever expect to enjoy the blessing of God, and peace of conscience, thoügh surrounded with every temporal mercy? It would be pleasant to spend the remaining part of my life with my friends, and to have them surround my dying bed. But no! I must relinquish their society, and follow God to a land of strangers, where millions of my fellow sinners are perishing for lack of vision. I have professed, my friend, for these two years past to derive comfort only from God. Here then is a consoling reflection, the ever blessed Jesus is able to support and comfort me, as well in the sultry climes of India, as in my dear native land. I trust that he will make his promise good, that as my day is so shall my strength be. The wintry storms of life will soon be over; and if I have committed my immortal interest into the hands of God, I shall shortly find a sweet release from every woe. So visibly have I beheld the hand of Providence in removing some obstacles which once I thought almost insurmountable, that I dare not object. *All* my friends with whom I have conversed since my

return to Haverhill, advise me to go. Some Christians who were formerly opposed, after obtaining a more extensive knowledge of the subject, think females would be useful. The people of this world probably view this subject as they do others. Those who have never felt the worth of their own souls, account it superstition and hypocritic zeal, for Christians to sacrifice their earthly pleasures, for the sake of telling the heathen world of a Savior. But all the ridicule that the gay and thoughtless sinner can invent, will not essentially injure me. If I am actuated by love to the Savior and his cause, nothing in earth or hell can hurt me. I must ask your prayers for me. We have prayed together; Oh, let us now, though separated in person, unite at the throne of grace. Perhaps my views of this subject may be altered; and God may yet prepare a way for me to continue in America. Oh, that I might be submissive and humbly wait on God. He can direct me, at this eventful crisis, and glorify himself. Affectionately yours. HARRIET."

To Miss S. H. Newbury.

Haverhill, June 12, 1811.

"How shall I sufficiently thank my dear Miss H. for the kind token of affectionate remembrance, which she was kind enough to send me? Your letter really exhilarated my languid spirits. I had spent the evening in private

conversation with *our dear* Mr. N. The usual subject of the contemplated Mission was renewedly talked over, and consequently the dangers, the crosses, the manifold trials of such an important undertaking, were themes which engrossed our thoughts. Depressed with anxious apprehensions, and in doubt respecting duty, Mrs. G. handed me a letter, and the well known hand of the writer I soon recognised. The contents dispelled many a heart rending sigh. This eve, mama received a letter from dear brother J.; I had previously written to him. Dear boy! he is much distressed for Harriet. He thinks she is doing wrong, and causing her friends needless anxiety. Would to heaven I could prevent distress from ever entering the heart of a widowed, beloved parent, and the dearest brothers and sisters. Oh, Miss H. could these dear friends but go with me to distant India—but alas! that is a fruitless wish;—but were it possible that this could be the case, I think I could quit America without reluctance, and even *rejoice* to spend my life among the benighted heathen. Sometimes, I can reflect on this subject with composure, and even long to be on missionary ground, where superstition and idolatry usurp the sway, think I can bid my dear friends a last farewell with calmness, and follow with delight the leadings of Providence. But at other times, I fear that this is not the situation God has designed for me; and if it is not, I can never lay claim to the promises of the gospel, or expect the

support of an Almighty arm, when dangers stand thick around me. My greatest fear is, that I shall lose all courage and perseverance should I set out to go, and not only be unhappy myself, but make those wretched who are with me. But are not these thoughts criminal, when carried to excess? Ought I not to praise the Lord for what I have received, and trust Him for a supply of grace? Ought I not to examine the subject prayerfully, and if on examination I am convinced that Jesus calls me to make these great sacrifices, ought I not to do it voluntarily, and leave the event with the Ruler of the universe?

I find my dear Miss H. that I am now in great danger of being actuated by a strong attachment. Oh, could I but give the ever blessed God the first place in my affections, I should not be in danger of being misled by earthly objects. Often have I adopted the words of the pious Mr. Newton:

"The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be;
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee."

When shall we hope for a visit from you? Do write me often; your letters will always be acceptable. Although tired and fatigued with the employments of the day, I have improved this late hour in writing.

Do you not admire Mr. Hall? I heard him preach a preparatory sermon at Bradford last week, which was clear, distinguishing and

very excellent. He called here one morning but I had gone to walk. Mr. Nott likewise called on us last week; we were in the meeting house and did not see him. Our friend N. is still in Salem; I long to see her.

Can I ask the favor of being remembered in your intercessions at the throne of grace? Oh, that Christians would pray for me. Farewell, my dear Miss H. May the choicest blessings of Heaven be yours. I am affectionately your HARRIET.

I had forgotten to tell you that our dear Mr. W. called here again, and I did not see him. Do you think I ever shall?"

1811.

June 22. I have this day taken my leave of Mr. N. not expecting to see him again for nine months. I can hardly feel reconciled to his departure; but the will of the Lord be done. Taking every circumstance into consideration, I am fully persuaded, it will be most for his interest to spend the summer and winter in Philadelphia. Why then should I object?

June 27. It is now almost five years since my mind became seriously impressed with eternal realities. What have I learnt in these five years of myself? and what of God? Weep Oh my soul, for past transgression and present unfruitfulness.

To Miss C. F. of Boston.

Haverhill, June 29, 1811.

'I THANK you dear C. for your affectionate letter. My engagements have been such, that I could not conveniently answer it before; hope you will pardon the neglect. The kind interest you have of late taken in my happiness has greatly endeared you to my heart. May you never want a friend to sympathize with you when "adverse fortune frowns," or to rejoice with you, when "life's vale is strew'd with flowers fresh." If the remaining days of my short pilgrimage are to be spent in sorrow, Oh that Heaven would grant C. peace and happiness, and a sure pledge of joys to come. Where my future lot may be cast, time only can determine. If I can but maintain a firm and unshaken confidence in God, a humble reliance on his blessed promises, I shall be safe, though temporal comforts languish and die. I am now calculating upon a life of trials and hardships; but the grace of Jesus is sufficient for me. The friend of sinners is able and willing to support me amid scenes of danger and distress.

When I bade you a parting adieu, my mind was in a state of agitation which I can never express. Dejected and weary I arrived at the dear mansion, where I have spent so many pleasant hours. My dear mama met me at the door, with a countenance that bespoke the tranquillity of her mind. The storm of opposition, as she observed, had blown over, and she was

brought to say from the heart, "thy will be done." Yes C. she had committed her child to God's parental care; and though her affection was not lessened, yet with tears in her eyes, she said, "If a conviction of duty and love to the souls of the perishing heathen lead you to India, as much as I love you, Harriet, I can only say, *Go.*" Here I was left to decide the all important question. Many were the conflicts within my breast. But, at length from a firm persuasion of duty, and a willingness to comply, after much examination and prayer, I answered in the affirmative.

I wish to tell you all the motives that have actuated me to come to this determination; likewise, how all the difficulties, which applied to me particularly, have been removed. But this I cannot do until I see you. Why cannot you make it convenient to spend three or four weeks with me this summer. To assure you it would afford me happiness, would be but what you already know. Write to me C. next week if possible. Let me know when I may expect you, and I will be at home. Perhaps we may go and spend a day or two with our friends in N. I am very lonely. N. H. has been visiting at S. ever since I returned from C. Mr. Newell has gone to Philadelphia, where he expects to continue until a short time before he quits his native country. He is engaged in the study of physic, together with Mr Hall. How has your mind been exercised of late? Are you living in the enjoyment of religion? C. we must live nearer

to God; we must be more engaged in his cause. We are under the most solemn obligations to be active in the Redeemer's service. Let us not calculate upon a life of idleness and ease; this is not the portion of the followers of the Lamb. They must expect tribulations and crosses in their way to the kingdom of heaven. But let us ever remember, that if we are the believing children of God, a rest awaits us in heaven, which will doubly compensate us for all the troubles of this life.

When interceding at the mercy seat, Oh forget not C. to pray for the salvation of the benighted heathen, whose souls are as precious as our own. With them remember your friend HARRIET."

1811.

June 30. Mr. D. preached from this text, "and as he drew nigh to the city, he wept over it, saying," &c. My whole soul was melted into compassion for impenitent sinners. Can I ever again feel regardless and unconcerned for their immortal souls?

> Did Christ for sinners weep,
> And shall our cheeks be dry?
> Let floods of penitential grief,
> Burst forth from every eye.

Did Jesus say to sinners, "Oh that thou hadst known in this thy day, the things that belong to thy peace." &c. and shall I smile upon them, while in the road to ruin?

July 15. The long expected letter has at length arrived How can I wish for a friend, more worthy of my love, more deserving of my heart? But my heart is already his. A friend, how rich the treasure! If an earthly friend is thus near to my heart, how strong should be my attachment to a holy God, whose friendship to his children is lasting as eternity! How can I love him sufficiently? How can I take too much delight in honoring him before the world, and in promoting his cause?

July 23. I have just read a passage in Thomson's Seasons, which I thought I could adopt as my own language,

> "Should fate command to the farthest verge
> Of the green earth, to distant barb'rous climes,
> Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
> Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
> Flames on the Atlantic Isles! 'tis nought to me,
> Since God is ever present—ever just,
> In the void waste, as in the city full
> And where *he* vital breathes, there *must be joy*,"

Extracts of a letter to her sister M. at Charlestown.

August 1, 1811.

———"SHOULD I tell you there is a prospect of my spending the remaining part of this short life in a land of strangers; should I tell you I *do* seriously think of leaving my native dwelling, my friends and companions forever; would you upbraid me? Could you attribute it to want of attachment to the friends of my

youth, or to entire ignorance of this great undertaking?—You would not, you *could not*, did you know the conflict which almost rends my heart. Never before did my dear mama, brothers and sisters appear so dear to me. But God commands me! In his holy providence he now offers me an opportunity of visiting the heathen. While many of my female friends who are far more adequate to the important employment are permitted to enjoy the society of their earthly relatives through life, I am called to quit the scenes of my childhood, and go to a far distant country. How can I ever pray for the promotion of the gospel among the heathen, if I am unwilling to offer my little aid when such an opportunity is given? I know what to expect from a gay and thoughtless world. But I have this consolation that ridicule cannot injure my soul.

I have this consolation, if the motives by which I am actuated are sincere and good, God will accept the inclination to glorify him, even though I should not be made useful. But my dear sister, this is a trying season! It is from God alone that I derive the least sensible comfort. This world has lost its power to charm and all its applause is a trifle light as air. My companions are perhaps accusing me of superstition and the love of novelty. But God alone knows the motives by which I am actuated, and he alone will be my final Judge. Let me but form such a decision as he will approve, and I ask no more. Wil-

lingly will I let go my eager grasp of the things of time and sense, and flee to Jesus. Oh that he would prepare me for the future events of life, and glorify himself in the disposal of my concerns."———

1811.

Aug. 7. I have just laid down Horne on Missions. How did his pious heart glow with benevolence to his fellow creatures! How ardently did he wish for the promulgation of the gospel, among the benighted heathen! I think, for a moment, I partake of his ardor, and long to hear that the standard of the cross is set up in the distant nations of the earth.

> "Yes, christian heroes! go—proclaim
> Salvation through Immanuel's name:
> To India's clime the tidings bear,
> And plant the rose of Sharon there."

Willingly would I sacrifice the dearest earthly friend to engage in this blessed service. Oh that I had a thousand pious relatives, well calculated for the important station of Missionaries; the tenderest ties that bind me to them, should be rent. I would say to them,—go—and let the destitute millions of Asia and Africa know, there is *compassion* in the hearts of *christians;* tell them of the love of Jesus, and the road to bliss on high. Providence now gives me an opportunity to go myself to the heathen. Shall I refuse the offer—shall I love the glittering toys of this dying

world so well, that I cannot relinquish them for God? Forbid it, Heaven! Yes, I will go,—However weak, and unqualified I am, there is an all-sufficient Savior ready to support me. In God alone is my hope. I will trust his promises, and consider it one of the highest privileges that would be conferred upon me, to be permitted to engage in his glorious service, among the wretched inhabitants of Hindostan.

Aug. 11. How reviving to my disconsolate mind, has been the word of life, this day! Oh, this adorable plan of salvation! Have I the least inclination to alter *one single part of it*, if I could? Oh no, I *would not* be less holy—I would not wish God to exact *less perfect* obedience from his creatures.

Mr. R. drank tea with us. I felt the same backwardness in conversing upon the things of the kingdom, that I usually do. Whence this criminal diffidence. Oh when will divine grace so absorb my heart, that my stammering tongue shall be loosed, and Jesus and his salvation be my theme! If I cannot unite in conversing with *believers*, in a land where religion flourishes, how can I speak to the benighted heathen of India, whose minds are involved in pagan darkness?

To Miss M. S. of Boston.

Haverhill, Sabbath, Aug. 11, 1811.

"How great, my dear M. would be the pleasure, could I retreat with you to some lonely

corner, far from the busy haunts of this vain world, and unbosom to you the secrets of my heart, instead of writing to you. But this dear privilege is denied me. I must be content with expressing a few unconnected thoughts on paper for the present, and will anticipate a happy meeting with you on earth, and a still happier one in those regions, where the friends of Immanuel will never more be separated. What if our intercourse on earth should cease? If we are the followers of the Lamb, our prayers will unitedly ascend to the same blessed throne while we live, and when our pilgrimage is ended, our friendship will exist and flourish forever. M. we are pilgrims, we are strangers in a barren land. This world is not our portion; it is incapable of satisfying our desires. The glittering toys of life are not calculated to afford real enjoyment. There is nothing in heaven or earth, but God, that can delight our hearts, and ease us of the heavy load of sin. Let us not be satisfied with the low and grovelling pursuits of time; but let us look to the unchangeable Jehovah, for a supply of his soul-refreshing grace. How much has God done for us individually? He has, as we humbly trust, made us partakers of his grace, and redeemed us from eternal death. What shall we render to him for this abundant mercy? Oh let our future lives evince our gratitude, and let our praises unceasingly flow to his throne. Dear M. I feel as though I had done nothing for God. Where are the last five years of my wretched life? Can they witness to my exer-

tions in the cause of the Lord? "I think of the days of other years, and my soul is sad." All is a barren waste. A few heartless duties and cold formalities will never carry me to heaven.

Sabbath eve. This day, my dear M. I have been highly privileged. I have heard three sermons preached by the excellent Mr. R. How sweet is the gospel to the heart of the believer! How does the pure word of truth animate the desponding sinner, and encourage him to apply to the Lamb of God for pardon and sanctification! But this glorious gospel, which reveals to mortals the way of salvation, the far greater part of the inhabitants of the earth are deprived of. "Where there is no vision the people perish." Thousands of immortal souls are entering eternity, and peopling the dark realms of woe. If our souls are of greater importance than this world with all its boasted treasures, how can we calculate the worth of those millions of souls, which are equally as precious as our own? We have had the Bible in our hands from our childhood; we are instructed regularly from this precious volume, every sabbath. We have believing friends to associate with; we enjoy the stated ordinances of the gospel. But the dear heathen have no such privileges. They are destitute of Bibles, Sabbaths, and churches. The inhabitants of Hindostan, to atone for their sins, will submit to the most cruel tortures imaginable. Widows consent to be burned with their deceased husbands; parents sacrifice their infant offspring to appease the anger of their idol

gods; they cast them into the river Ganges, where they perish. But this dreadful superstition vanishes before the benignant rays of the gospel, as the morning dew before the rising sun. We enjoy its meridian splendors. Have we any benevolence? Are we susceptible of feeling for the distresses of our fellow creatures? As we value the salvation which a Savior offers; as we value his tears, his labors, and his death, let us now seriously ask what we shall do for the salvation of the benighted heathen? If we are not permitted to visit them ourselves, and declare to them the efficacy of a Savior's blood; yet we can ardently pray for them. And not only pray for them, but by our vigorous exertions we can awaken a missionary spirit in others, and excite them also to feel for those who are perishing in pagan darkness. M. the subject is copious indeed. I might easily write till the rising sun, and then not give you a perfect delineation of the wretchedness of many of our fellow creatures. But I must leave these forlorn wretches. Suffice it to say, that when the whole universe shall stand collected at the bar of God, we shall meet them, and there render a solemn account for the manner in which we have conducted towards them in this world. I hope my dear M. you are living near to God, and enjoying times of refreshing from his presence. Oh pray often, and remember me in your prayers. Should stormy oceans roll between us, yet I shall ever continue to love you.

Farewell, my dear M.

Your affectionate, HARRIET."

Extracts of a letter to her Sister M. at Charlestown.

Aug. 1811.

——"A FEW moments this morning, shall be spent in writing to my dear sister. Accept my hearty congratulations for your returning health. I often think of you and imagine you possessed of every comfort, which can render life desirable. I have been contrasting your present delightful situation with the trying one that is probably to be mine. Although I could shed floods of tears at the idea of bidding a final farewell to the dear associates of my youth, and the guardian and instructor of my early years; yet a consciousness that this is the path marked out for me by my heavenly Father, and an assurance that the cause I have engaged in is a blessed one, impart at times an indescribable pleasure. If some unforeseen occurrence should prevent my going to the East Indies, I shall still enjoy the satisfaction of thinking that *this* also is ordered by God. Should I never go, Oh may I never forget the wretched inhabitants of Hindostan; nor cease to pray that they may enjoy the blessings of the Gospel. HARRIET ATWOOD."

1811.

Aug. 13. How consoling has been the beloved promise, when sinking under the contemplated difficulties of a missionary life: "my *grace* is *sufficient* for thee." Have I any thing but an unfaithful, depraved heart, to discour-

age me, in this great undertaking? Here the Almighty God, the Maker of all worlds, the infinite Disposer of all events, has pledged his *word* for the safety of his believing children. Sooner will the universe sink into nothing, than God fail of performing his promises.—The cause is good—the foundation is sure. If the Savior has promised a sufficiency of his grace, what have I to fear? Oh that I had a stronger confidence in God—a heart to rely on him for grace to help in every time of need! When I reach my journey's end, how trifling will earthly sorrows appear!

Aug. 14. This is indeed a wretched world. How few the joys! How many and various, the sorrows of life! Well; if this world is unsatisfying—"if cares and woes, promiscuous grow," how *great* the consolation, that I shall soon leave it!

"Loose, then, from earth, the grasp of fond desire,
"Weigh anchor, and the happier climes explore."

In the Paradise of God, every rising wish, that swells the heart of the celestial inhabitant, is immediately gratified. Oh for a dismission from this clayey tabernacle—Oh for an entrance into those lovely mansions! My soul pants for the full enjoyment of God. I cannot bear this *little* spirituality—this absurd indifference; I long to be swallowed up in endless fruition!

Aug 15. A letter from my friend, Mr. Newell. He appears much impressed with eternal concerns. May he enjoy the light of Immanuel's countenance! Have just heard of Mr. J.'s

arrival,—and that he expects soon to set out for India. This unexpected news solemnized my mind. A consciousness of my unpreparedness for this arduous undertaking makes me tremble. But I will give myself to God; "tis all that I can do."

Aug. 19. Conscious that the riches and honors of this world will not be mine, my deceitful heart often promises happiness in the society of a dear friend. But how vain this hope! Oh let me from this hour cease from anticipating creature happiness—Oh that I could look to God alone for permanent satisfaction.

"Dear Savior, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good."

Aug. 20. How strong is Christian friendship. He who enjoined it upon his followers, to love *God*, has likewise commanded them to love *one another*. If I am a stranger to the joys of pardoning mercy; if I am an enemy to holiness; whence arises this *union* with *Christians?* What has produced this love to those, who resemble *God? Formerly* I preferred the friendship and society of those, whose hearts were at enmity with God; who disliked the sublime and humbling doctrines of the gospel; but now I can say with Ruth, "thy people shall be *my* people." My soul is cemented to them; and if I am not greatly deceived, my affection is the strongest for those, who live nearest to God, and are most concerned for his glory. I

love the most abject creature in existence, however despised by the wise men of this world, who bears the *image* of the lowly *Jesus*. Yes; how could I rejoice to give the endearing appellation of *brother* or *sister*, to one of the tawny natives of the East, whom grace had subdued.

Aug. 22. Sweet is the name of Immanuel to believers. That name speaks peace and consolation to their troubled minds. In him they find a balm for every woe.

"Jesus to multitudes unknown,
Oh name divinely sweet!
Jesus in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.
Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign;
With joy, I would renounce them all,
For leave to call *thee* mine.
Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be forever blest."

Is this the language of *my* heart? Am *I* willing to relinquish the pleasures, the honors, the riches and the applause of the world, for leave to call *Immanuel mine?* If so, I may enjoy exalted happiness, in a land of strangers.

To Miss H. B. of Salem.

Haverhill, Aug. 23, 1811.

"INDUCED by the repeated solicitations of your sister S. I have retired to my chamber, determining to devote a leisure hour, in renewing

a correspondence, which has for a long time been entirely relinquished. The attachments which I formed in the earlier part of my life, have of late been greatly strengthened. Those companions in whose society, "the longest summer days seemed too much in haste," have become exceedingly dear to my heart. You, my H. were one of the choicest and most loved members of the dear familiar circle. Did pensive melancholy for a moment assume the place of mirth and gayety in my mind; you were immediately acquainted with the cause. Did my youthful heart beat with joy; if you were a partner, joy was heightened. But particularly dear did the appellation of friend appear, when we were unitedly depressed with a sense of the divine displeasure, and when our souls, as we then thought were irradiated with the light of truth, and washed in the peace speaking blood of Immanuel. Should our lives be spared, very different will probably be our future destinies. Blest with those beloved friends, whose sympathy alleviates every grief, whose society contributes so largely to your happiness, and indulged, not only with a competency, but with affluence and ease, you may glide along through this world, almost a stranger to the ills attendant on mortals. But, these joys remain not for me. Destined to a far distant land, my affectionate friends, my pleasant home, my much loved country I must leave forever. Instead of the soft delights and elegancies of life, self-denials, hardships, privations, and sorrows will be

mine. Instead of the improved and polished society of Haverhill associates, will be substituted the society of the uncivilized Hindoos. Instead of being enlivened by the cheering voice of a believing friend, I shall behold thousands prostrating themselves before dumb idols, while the air will ring with the horrid sounds of idol music. No churches will be found for the refreshment of weary pilgrims; no joyful assemblies, where saints can resort to unite in the reviving exercises of social worship. All will be dark, every thing will be dreary, and not a hope of worldly happiness will be for a momont indulged. The prime of life will be spent in an unhealthy country, a burning region, amongst a people of strange language, at a returnless distance from my native land, where I shall never more behold the friends of my youth. Amid these discouragements, I often find my sinking heart desponding. But this is not all. Even while blest with an habitation in my own country, I hear some of those friends, whom I fondly love, accusing me of the love of novelty, of an invincible attachment to a fellow creature, of superstition and of wanting a great name. Wretched indeed, will be my future lot, if these motives bear sway in my determination. Surrounded by so many discouragements, I find consolation only in God! "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto me." A consciousness that this is the path, which my heavenly Father hath selected for me, and an ardent desire for the salvation

of the benighted Heathen, constrains me to cry, Here am I, Lord, send me where thou wilt. Daily experience convinces me that the glittering toys of life are not capable of conferring real happiness. With my present feelings, I may enjoy as much happiness in India, as in America. But my great consolation is that life is short. However great may be my trials, they will soon be over. H. I feel that *this* is a wretched world. It is nearly six years since, I humbly trust, I committed my *all* to God, willing that he should dispose of me, as he saw best. He has given me friends; he has given me many earthly comforts; but he is now appointing me trials, greater than I yet have known. But I think I can say, "*It is well.*" Give me but humble resignation to thy will, Oh my God, and I ask no more. The presence of Immanuel will make a mud-walled cottage, a foreign land, and savage associates desirable. What but the light of the Redeemer's countenance can make me happy here? and what but that can delight my soul, in a far distant country?

"For me remains nor time, nor space,
My country is in every place;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there."

It seems a long time since we had the pleasure of seeing you at Haverhill. Your time undoubtedly passes away very pleasantly in Salem. May your happiness be constantly increasing, at the return of each succeeding

year. May you have that peace of mind, that heart-felt joy, which is known only by the decided follower of Jesus. This is pleasure that knows no alloy, and which death can never deprive you of. May I meet you with all my dear friends, in that world, where a wide sea can never separate us. I hope to spend many happy hours with you before I bid you a final farewell. I am affectionately yours,

HARRIET."

1811.

Aug. 25. With the light of this holy morning I desire to make a solemn surrender of myself to God, humbly requesting him, to accept the worthless offering. I think I can say with Mr. Newton,

"Day of all the week the best,
"Emblem of eternal rest."

Aug. 26. What word can be more impressive and weighty than ETERNITY? How replete with events, that deeply interest every intelligent creature! How full of ideas, too big for utterance! And can ETERNITY be *mine?* If the word of Jehovah be true, I shall surely inhabit *Eternity*, when this short life is ended. Yes; I feel that I have an immortal part, which will continue the same, when time and nature fail. And shall it exist in glory? Oh, let me fly to Jesus, and make his arms my resting place. Then shall I rest securely, when the heavens are rolled together as a

scroll, and the elements melt with fervent heat.

September 1. Again have I been favored with the blessed privilege of communing with God, at his table. How sweetly calculated are these gospel ordinances to enliven the cold hearts of believers, and to prepare them for the marriage supper of the Lamb. I have renewedly given myself away to God, in the presence of the holy angels, of the assembly which convened at the house of prayer, and of that Being, whose presence fills immensity; whose smile gives hope, whose frown, despair. How solemn the transaction!—Far from the happy land, where salvation is proclaimed, my thoughts have wandered over stormy seas, to regions, whose inhabitants are sitting in the shadow of death. No light of divine revelation beams on them. No sanctuaries—no communion tables—no bread and wine to remind them, that a Savior shed his blood on Calvary for them!—Weep, Oh my soul, for the forlorn heathen.—Be astonished at the stupidity of Christians—be astonished at *thine own*. Oh, thou blessed Redeemer, thou who didst commission thy disciples of old to preach the gospel to every creature; wilt thou send forth laborers; make the wilderness a fruitful field, and cause the desert to blossom like the rose.

Sept. 3. "I'm but a stranger and a pilgrim here,
"In these wild regions, wandering and forlorn,
"Restless and sighing for my native home,
"Longing to reach my weary space of life,
"And to fulfil my task."

Yes; my Redeemer, I know by experience, that this life is a tiresome round of vanities hourly repeated.—All is empty. My thirsty soul longs for the enjoyment of God in heaven, where the weary and heavy laden find rest. How long, Oh my Father, shall I wander in this dreary land? When shall I bid a final adieu to these scenes of guilt!

"Oh, haste the hour of joy, and sweet repose."

How refreshing will heavenly rest be to my soul, after a life of toil and hardship!

Sept. 7. "Bless the Lord, Oh, my soul, and forget not all his benefits." Yes; I will bless and praise thy name, my God, my King, my everlasting all. I will bless thee for temporal, I will bless thee for spiritual favors. Thou hast ever been loading me with thy benefits. "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear: The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? Lord, by thy favor thou hast made my mountain to stand strong. I will extol thee, for thou hast lifted me up; and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me. Thou hast brought up my soul from the grave,—thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit. Sing unto the Lord, Oh, ye saints of his; and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness; for his anger endureth but for a moment; his favor is life; weeping may endure for a night; but joy cometh in the morning."

Sept. 10 Depressed with guilt, and tired with the vanities of this world, I have retired to my chamber, to seek pleasure within.

When blest with a sense of Immanuel's love, I find satisfaction in writing, conversing, and thinking on divine things; but when Jesus frowns, all is midnight darkness. No duties—no domestic employments,—no earthly pleasures can charm or delight my mind.

Sept. 12. The time is short, I soon shall rise.
And bid farewell to weeping eyes,
And reach the heavenly shore.

I have attempted this morning, to bring India, with the parting scenes between, near at hand. Surely, nothing but the sovereign power of God could have led me to contemplate, with serenity and composure, the painful scenes of a missionary life; and nothing but his grace will support me, when farewells are sounding around me. Oh, how can I *think* of that hour! But it is a glorious work, for which I am making these great sacrifices;—it is nothing less than to assist in spreading the triumphs of the cross, in foreign lands. Oh, could I become the instrument of bringing *one* degraded *female* to Jesus, how should I be repaid for *every tear*, and every *pain!* To make a female Indian acquainted with the way of life, Oh, what a blessing!—my soul exults at the thought!

Sept. 17. How sweet is this text; "Be careful for nothing, but in every thing, by prayer and supplications let your requests be made known unto God." When the difficulties of my future life depress me, how often am I insensibly relieved, and comforted by *this*, and

similar invitations. How precious, how exceedingly valuable is the word of God!

Sept. 20. Life like an empty vapor flies.—Soon will my mortal state be ended.—The objects which now occupy so large a portion of my thoughts, will shortly lose their importance, and vanish as though I saw them not. Vanity is stamped on every earthly enjoyment. But pleasure without the least alloy will be found in heaven.

To a Friend.

Haverhill, Sept. 1811.

"FORGIVE, my dear M. the liberty I take in addressing you in this manner. From my first acquaintance with you, I have felt deeply interested for your happiness. Nothing but an affectionate regard for you would induce me to write to you on a subject, which the world will undoubtedly ridicule, but which engages the attention and constitutes the felicity of the holy inhabitants of heaven. This subject is the religion of the gospel.—a subject which is infinitely interesting to us both. You have of late witnessed a scene, trying indeed, and solemn as eternity. You have watched the sick bed, you have heard the expiring groans of your beloved sister. You fondly hope that she was interested in the covenant of redemption, and is now perfectly happy in the enjoyment of her God in heaven. When standing by the dying bed of this dear

sister, say, my friend, did you not ardently wish for piety similar to hers,—for *that faith*, which could triumph over the horrors of a dying hour? Was the hope then cherished that you should meet her in yonder world, when the trials of this short life are over? and did *this* hope support your sinking spirits in the trying hour of separation? She has gone forever; but *we* are still prisoners of hope. Could we now draw back the covering of the tomb, and listen to her language, how earnestly would she beseech us to become reconciled to God, and devote our lives wholly to his service. My dear M. these are not idle dreams. If we reflect for a moment, we feel conscious that there is an immortal principle within, which will exist when time and nature dies. This principle is corrupted by sin, and without the sanctifying grace of God, we should be unhappy even though admitted to Heaven. Do but examine the feelings of your heart one hour, and you cannot for a moment doubt the truth of this assertion. How important then that we should have this work of grace begun in our hearts before it is too late. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation" Tomorrow our probation may be closed, and we may be irrecoverably lost. M. my heart is full What inducements can I offer you to receive Jesus into your heart, and willingly sacrifice your all for him? Oh think of the worth of the soul, the price made to redeem it, the love of Immanuel, your obligations to live to him, the joys prepared for the righteous;—

and Oh, think of the torments in reserve for the finally impenitent—and be induced to flee from the wrath to come. If nothing in Providence prevents, before the return of another Autumn, Harriet will be a stranger in a strange land. I go, my friend, where heathens dwell, far from the companions of my playful years, far from the dear land of my nativity. My contemplated residence will be—not among the refined and cultivated, but among females degraded and uncivilized, who have never heard of the religion of Jesus. How would it gladden my sad heart, in the trying hour of my departure, could I but leave a dear circle of females of my own age, engaged for GOD, and eminent for their usefulness in Haverhill. Well; I hope to find a circle of Hindoo sisters in India, interested in *that* religion which many of my companions reject, though blest with innumerable privileges But my friend M. will not treat with indifference *this* religion. Oh no: I will cherish the fond hope, that she will renounce the world, become a follower of Immanuel, and be unwearied in her exertions to spread the triumphs of the cross through the world. I must leave you my dear M. with GOD. May you become a living witness for him. When our journey through this barren wilderness is ended, may we meet in heaven. HARRIET."

1811.

Oct. 10. I have this day entered upon my nineteenth year. Oh how great the goodness of God which has followed me, through the

last twelve months! And shall I be wholly destitute of gratitude? Oh no; let me this year, if my life should be spared, become a living witness for the truth, as it is in Jesus. How great a change has the last year made in my views and prospects for life! Another year will probably affect, not merely my *prospects*, but my *situation*. Should my expectations be realized, my dwelling will be far from the dear land of my nativity; and from beloved friends, whose society rendered the morning of my life cheerful and serene. In distant India—every earthly prospect will be dreary.

"But even *there*, content can spread a charm,
"Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm."

Oct. 13. How important is it, that I should be in a peculiar manner devoted to God, and dead to the world. I shall need a large supply of the graces of the gospel, and of the consolations of religion, to support me amid the numberless trials of a missionary life. When dangers stand thick around, and the world is utterly incapable of affording me the least solid comfort—what will sustain me, but entire confidence in God, as my shield, my only sure defence? Oh my Father, let a sense of thy love to my soul, influence me to yield implicit obedience to thy commands;—and while this love is constraining me to walk in the path which thou hast *selected* for me, may thy grace be sufficient for me—as my *day* is, so may my *strength* be.

Oct. 20.
"Soon I hope—I feel, and am assured,
"That I shall lay my head—my weary, aching head,
"On its last rest; and on my lowly bed,
"The grass green sod will flourish sweetly."——

The perusal of the life, letters, and poems of Henry Kirke White, has been productive of much satisfaction. While I have respected him for his learning, and superior talents, I have ardently wished for a share of that piety, which shone so conspicuously in his life, and which rendered his character so interesting and lovely. His "weary aching head," is now resting in the silent tomb. Henry sleeps, to wake no more: But his spirit, unconfined, is exploring the unseen world! O that his example may affect my heart.

To Miss S. H. Andover.

Haverhill, Oct. 20, 1811.

"WILL my dear Miss H. pardon this seeming neglect, when I assure her it has not been intentional? Did you but know how numerous have been my engagements since I left Andover, I feel confident that you would not indulge one hard thought. I have thought much of you, and have often longed to see you. The kindness you showed me while with you greatly endeared you to my heart. I hope I shall ever recollect with gratitude the unmerited favors, which you, Mr. and Mrs. W. and my other friends conferred upon me while in Andover.

This day has been spent in melancholy dejection and sorrow of heart. The trials of a missionary life, united with my entire unfitness for the undertaking, and the fear of being under the influence of improper motives, have produced distress. But the return of evening has dissipated the gloom, and I have been led to rejoice in God, and willingly to surrender my eternal all to him. Oh my friend, is there not a balm in Gilead? is there not an all powerful physician there? Who can doubt of the ability and willingness of Jesus, to lead his dear children along the green pastures and beside the still waters? His sacred presence will cause the sinking heart to rejoice, and diffuse gladness around. Rightly is he styled Immanuel. Let us fly immediately to this hiding place—this covert from the storm and tempest. In Jesus we are safe; though earth and hell combine against us. What are the trials, what the *agonies* attendant on this pilgrimage state. In Jesus there is a fulness sufficient to supply our every want, healing for every wound, and a cordial for every fear.

With the deepest interest I have lately read Buchanan's Researches. You have probably read it. Has it not inspired you with an ardent missionary spirit? Can it be possible, that christians, after perusing this invaluable book can help feeling a deep concern for the salvation of the heathen, and a strong desire for the promulgation of the gospel throughout the world? How precious, how exceedingly valua-

ble is the word of God. How consolatory to the believer to hear those, who were once prostrating themselves before dumb idols, now exclaim with eagerness, "we want not bread, we want not money, we want the word of God." A FAMINE FOR BIBLES—how sweet, and yet how painful the expression. Surely *this will* lead us to estimate our glorious privileges, in this christian land. Possessed of every means of learning the character of God, and the way of salvation by a Redeemer, how can we complain? If ever the religion of the cross has excited within us holy desires, oh let us not forget the destitute millions of Asia. God will be inquired of by his people to do great things for the heathen world. How importunate then should we be at the throne of grace, and none ever cried unto God in vain.

Dear Miss H. I could write an hour longer, but other engagements prevent. We long to see you—long to hear from you again. Do write us often. Mama sends much love—intends writing you soon—thanks you for your last letter. Remember me affectionately to dear Mr. and Mrs. W.—likewise to Mr. L. and Mr. M. I am dear Miss H. your affectionate HARRIET."

1811.

Oct. 25. How strong are the ties of natural affection! Will distance or time ever conquer the attachment, which now unites my heart so closely to my mother, the *dear guardian* of

my youth—and to my beloved brothers and sisters? Oh no;—though confined to a foreign country, where a parent's voice will no more gladden my melancholy heart, still shall that love which is *stronger* than death, dwell within, and often waft a sincere prayer to heaven for blessings unnumbered upon her. Long shall remembrance dwell on scenes, past in the dear circle of Haverhill friends.

Nov. 4. 'Tis midnight. My wavering mind would fain dwell on some mournful subject. I weep—then sing some melancholy air, to pass away the lingering moments. What would my dear mother say, to see her Harriet thus involved in gloom? Ah, why do I indulge these painful feelings? Is it because my *Father* is unkind, and will not hear a suppliant's cries? Is he not willing to direct my wandering steps—to guide my feet in the paths of peace? Oh yes; his ear is ever open to the prayer of the fatherless. Let me then go to him—tell him all my griefs, and ask of him a calm and clear conviction of duty.

"Why sinks my weak desponding mind,
Why heaves my soul, this heavy sigh?
Can sovereign goodness be unkind,
Am I not safe, if *God* be nigh?"

Nov. 10. The rising sun witnesses for my heavenly Father, that he is good. Oh yes; his character is infinitely lovely—his attributes are perfect. I behold his goodness in the works of creation and providence. But the beauty of his character shines most *conspicu-*

ously in the plan of salvation. In the Redeemer, beauty and worth are combined. And shall my heart remain unaffected, amidst such an endless variety of witnesses of the glory of God? Shall *I* be silent, for whom the Son of God, on Calvary, bled and died?

Here the diary, from which the foregoing extracts have been made, closes. But amid the various engagements which occupied the time of MRS. NEWELL, and the many interesting subjects of her contemplation, she continued a frequent correspondence with her friends. The number of letters which she wrote, from the age of *thirteen* until her death, was remarkable.

To Miss F. F. of Andover.

Haverhill, Nov. 10, 1811.

"How shall I sufficiently thank my dear Miss F. for her affectionate communication, received a short time since by Mr Judson? This was a favor which I had long wished for, but which I had ever considered an unmerited one.

I have this day visited the sanctuary of the Most High. While listening to the joyful sound of the gospel, my thoughts were insensibly led to the forlorn and destitute state of the heathen, who are unacquainted with *Bibles, churches and Sabbaths.* I thought of the glorious privileges, which the inhabitants of *this* my christian country enjoy; and the

thought afforded indescribable pleasure. I reflected on the many millions of Asia and Africa, and the reflection was full of anguish and sympathy. Oh my friend, when will the day dawn, and the day star arise in pagan lands, where Moloch reigns, "besmeared with blood of human sacrifice, and parent's tears." Oh when will the religion of Jesus, which has irradiated our benighted souls, be promulgated throughout the world? When will Christians feel more concerned for the salvation of the heathen; and when will the heralds of the gospel feel willing to sacrifice the soft delights and elegancies of life, and visit the far distant shores, where heathen strangers dwell? Oh, when will those who have an interest at the mercy seat, intercede for the wretched heathen?

But my dear Miss F. though I sometimes feel deeply and tenderly interested for the heathen, and even feel willing to contribute my little aid in the work of a mission; yet the trials of such a life often produce a melancholy dejection, which nothing but divine grace can remove. Often does my imagination paint in glowing colors the last sad scene of my departure from the land of my nativity. A widowed mother's heart with anguish wrung, the tears of sorrow flowing from the eyes of brothers and sisters dear, while the last farewell is pronounced—this is a scene affecting indeed. But this is only the commencement of a life replete with trials. Should my life be protracted, my future residence will be far dis-

tant from my native country, in a land of strangers, who are unacquainted with the feelings of friendship and humanity.

But I will no longer dwell on these sad subjects. I will look to God; from him is all my aid. He can support his children in the darkest hour, and cause their sinking hearts to rejoice. He has pledged his word, that his grace shall be sufficient for them, and that as their day is, so shall their strength be. How consoling the reflection, that we are in the hands of God? He can do nothing wrong with us: but if we are members of his family, all things will continually work for our good. Trials will wean us from this alluring world, and prepare us for that rest which is reserved for the righteous. And how sweet will that rest be, after a life of toil and suffering. Oh how does the anticipation of future bliss sweeten the bitter cup of life. My friend, there is a world, beyond these rolling spheres, where adieus and farewells are unknown. There I hope to meet you with all the ransomed of Israel, and never more experience a painful separation.

> The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
> Should constant joys create.—

H. A."

To Miss F. W. of Beverly.

Haverhill, Dec. 13, 1811.

"I HAVE long been wishing for a favorable opportunity to return my thanks to my dear Miss W. for her affectionate letter received last

June. A multiplicity of avocations, which could not possibly be dispensed with, have deprived me of this pleasure till now. But though my friends have been neglected, they have not been forgotten. Oh no! dear to my heart are the friends of Immanuel; particularly those with whom I have walked to the house of God in company, and with whom, I have taken sweet counsel about things which immediately concern Zion, the city of our God. These dear Christian friends will retain a lasting and affectionate remembrance in my heart, even though stormy oceans should separate me from them. There is a world my sister, beyond this mortal state, where souls cemented in one common union, will dwell together, and never more be separated. Does not your heart burn within you, when in humble anticipation of future blessedness, you engage in the delightful service of your covenant Redeemer? When your spirit sinks within you, and all terrestrial objects lose their power to please, can you not say,

> My journey here,
> Though it be darksome, joyless and forlorn,
> Is yet but short, and soon my weary feet,
> Shall greet the peaceful inn of lasting rest;
> The toils of this short life will soon be over.

Yes, my friend, we soon shall bid an eternal farewell to this passing world, and if interested in the covenant, we shall find the rest which remaineth for the people of God. I thank you sincerely for the affectionate inter-

est you have taken in my future prospect in life. I feel encouraged to hope that not only your good wishes, but fervent prayers will attend my contemplated undertaking. I know that the earnest supplications of the faithful will avail with God: Plead then, my friend, with Jesus on my behalf. The path of duty is the only way to happiness. I love to tread the path which my father points out for me, though it is replete with privations and hardships. Who, my dear Miss W. that has felt the love of Jesus, the worth of souls, and the value of the gospel, would refuse to lend their little aid in propagating the religion of the cross among the wretched heathen, when presented with a favorable opportunity? However great the discouragements attending a missionary life, yet Jesus has promised to be with those who enter upon it with a right disposition, even to the end of the world. When will the day dawn and the day star arise in heathen lands? Oh when will the standard of the cross be erected, and all nations hear of the glad tidings of salvation? When will the millennial state commence, and the lands which have long lain in darkness, be irradiated by the calm sunshine of the gospel? When will the populous regions of Asia and Africa, unite with this our Christian country in one general song of praise to God! Though darkness and error now prevail, faith looks over these mountains, and beholds with transport the dawning of the sun of righteousness, the reign of peace and love.

The clock strikes twelve. I must leave you my friend, for tired nature requires repose. Pray often for me. Write me immediately upon receiving this hasty letter.

Affectionately yours, HARRIET."

To Miss R. F. Andover.

Haverhill, Dec. 29, 1811.

"AN hour this sacred evening the commencement of another Sabbath, shall be cordially devoted to my dear Miss F. Alone and pensive, how can the moments glide more pleasantly away, than in writing to a friend whose name excites many endearing sensations, and whom from my first introduction to her, I have sincerely loved. Similarity of sentiment will produce an indissoluble union of hearts. How strong are the ties which unite the members of Christ's family? While dwelling in this the house of their pilgrimage, they are subject to the same trials and privations; and the same hope encourages them to look forward to the happy hour of their release, when their weary souls shall rest sweetly in the bosom of their God. Such I would fondly hope, is the nature of that union which so strongly cements my heart to Miss F. Oh that when "the long Sabbath of the tomb is past," our united souls may be safely anchored in the fair haven of eternal security, where friendship will be perfected.

I have thought much of you since the reception of your kind letter. I hope that divine grace has dissipated your doubts, and that you

are now enjoying all holy consolation. May you be made eminently holy and useful, live near to God, and be favored with those rich communications of his love, which he often bestows upon his children.

I have been reading this afternoon, some account of the superstitions of the wretched inhabitants of Asia. How void of compassion must be that heart which feels not for the woes of its fellow mortals. When, my friend, will the day dawn and the day star arise in those lands, where the prince of darkness has so long dwelt.

The hour is hastening when I must bid an eternal farewell to all that is dear in the land of my nativity, cross the boisterous ocean, and become an exile in a foreign land. I must relinquish forever the friends of my bosom, whose society has rendered pleasant the morning of life, and select for my companions the uncivilized heathen of Hindostan. I shall shortly enter upon a life of privations and hardships. "All the sad variety of grief" will probably be mine to share. Perhaps no cordial sympathising friend will stand near my dying bed, to administer consolation to my departing spirit, to wipe the falling tear—the cold sweat away, to close my eyes, or to shed a tear upon my worthless ashes. But shall the contemplation of these adverse scenes, tempt me to leave the path selected by my Heavenly Father? Oh no, "I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me." This consideration, exhilarates my sinking soul, and diffuses an ardor within, which I would not relinquish for all the splendors of this world.

You my dear Miss F. will not forget to intercede with Jesus in my behalf. You will pray for the wretched heathen of India; this will lead your thoughts to those who have devoted their lives to the work of spreading the gospel among them. You will feel interested in their exertions; and as often as the sun rises in the east, you will invoke for them the blessing and protection of the universal Parent.

When shall I be favored with another interview with you? Will you not visit me this winter? I need not assure you that it would be a source of the highest gratification. Preparations for a long voyage, together with visiting friends, has prevented my answering your letter before. Do write me again soon—recollect that I have a special claim on your indulgence.

Affectionately yours, HARRIET."

Extract of a letter to her sister E. at Charlestown.

Haverhill, 1811.

My dear E.

'I HAVE lately been led to reflect on the probable scenes of my future life, with satisfaction. The idea, that God can make use of the weakest instruments to promote his glory, has afforded me much consolation. I know the foundation is sure, and the cause a blessed one. Be the difficulties ever so many, the undertaking ever so hazardous; yet if I should be made the humble instrument of turning

one poor heathen from the worship of dumb idols, to the service of the living God, how glorious the reward! Who would not be willing to sacrifice those enjoyments, which a parent's house affords, leave forever their beloved country, and spend the remnant of their life in the delightful employment of teaching listening, attentive, benighted heathen, the way to Christ—the road to glory? Elizabeth, my heart exults at the thought. Yes, I will go; relying on all-sufficient grace, to bear me conqueror through. The presence of Jehovah will make a mud wall cottage desirable; the love of Jesus and a desire for the salvation of the deluded inhabitants of the eastern world, shall lead me to cut those tender ties, which so closely unite me to American shores, and say in the language of submission, "Here am I Lord, send me where thou wilt."

When my mind is engaged in contemplating the object of this mission, all seeming difficulties often vanish; the view delights my heart, and it is with reluctance I dismiss the subject. A consciousness of my want of proper qualifications for this arduous undertaking, leads me to that fountain, where every want is abundantly supplied. HARRIET."

Letter to Mrs. Nott.

Haverhill, Jan. 11, 1812.

"THE commencement of a correspondence with my dear Miss P— is attended with many

pleasant sensations. When one whom I love, though an entire stranger, addresses me by the endearing appellation of "sister or friend," I lose every embarrassment, and feel the same perfect freedom as when conversing personally with those companions, with whom I have spent the playful hours of youth. Your affectionate letter met with a cordial reception. The perusal of it increased the wish which I have long indulged, of being favored with an interview with you. The anticipated separation from a beloved mother, affectionate brothers and sisters, and other valued friends, strongly attaches my heart to those "dear selected few" who will be my only associates, through the little remnant of my life. When eagerly listening to the maternal advice of the best of parents, or when attending to the accents of love which flow from the lips of brothers and sisters dear, I often say to myself, will my Father in Heaven condescend to grant me friends similar to these, in my dear Miss P——, and my ever dear N——?—Oh yes, my heart replies,—*they will* instruct, advise, reprove, and love me too. When the accumulated difficulties of a missionary life depress my laboring bosom, they will direct my thoughts to that Savior, who has kindly engaged to be the friend of the friendless,—the support of his believing children. Their prayers, their sympathy and love, will sweetly calm each rising fear, and tranquillize my distressed soul.

Nothing but an ardent wish of more extensive usefulness, first led my thoughts to the heathen world. Favored by heaven with every temporal blessing heart could wish, a foreign country could have no charm for me. Although I frequently contemplate with pleasure a life so peculiarly devoted to the service of God; yet the consciousness of wanting many important qualifications which I know I do not possess, often creates a depression of spirits, and a doubt with respect to duty. My youth, a slight education, so little vigor and strength of mind, so little piety,—these are obstacles, great indeed. I think it *does* rejoice my heart that you my dear Miss P—— and N—— are so eminently qualified for the work of the mission. May you be made the favored instruments, of leading many wretched female Indians, to the Lamb of God, who bled on Calvary. On the "great day of dread decision," may the millions who have heard from your lips the way to heaven, rise up and call you blessed. The idea that an independent, sovereign God, often uses the weakest instruments to promote his glory, and carry on his plans, frequently affords me encouragement. If he has any work for me to do in heathen lands, he will remove every obstacle, qualify me for the important undertaking, and support me under every trial.

Sabbath eve. I have this day been to the house consecrated to the worship of the Most High God. I have sat under the droppings of the sanctuary with great delight. The inviting sound of the glorious Gospel, which bringeth

life and salvation, has conveyed to my inmost soul, a sublime ardor, and heart-felt satisfaction, almost unknown before. O, my sister, how valuable, how exceedingly precious, is the religion of Jesus? How unlike that of Mahomet, how different from any which the carnal heart can invent! How well is it adapted to secure the eternal interest and happiness of all created intelligences; "how just to God, how safe for man!" While contemplating with rapture the superior excellency of the Christian religion, does not your heart burn within you at the anticipated prospect of its universal promulgation throughout the world? The present state of the heathen is deplorable beyond description. No star in the east directs them to the Babe of Bethlehem. No Sun of righteousness has arisen amongst them, to irradiate their benighted, dreary path. They spend their days in wretchedness, strangers to the consolations of the Gospel, without a friend to point them to the Savior of sinners, who alone can make them happy beyond the grave. But "faith looks over these" lowering "mountains" and beholds with joy unutterable the millennial reign of peace and love. The banks of the Ganges and the Indus, shall resound with the high praises of Immanuel; redeeming love shall be the theme of the Hindoo; it shall warble sweetly from the lips of the uncivilized Hottentots on Afric's burning sands. The wandering, inhospitable Indians of our own dear native country, shall catch the sacred fire, and their hearts will beat in unison. Shall we

my dear Miss P—— be made instrumental in hastening this great revolution? Will our covenant God condescend to employ us in his service, and bless our feeble efforts? And shall we think any sacrifices too great to make for him? Oh no! Let us willingly take a last farewell of friends and native country, cross the tempestuous ocean, and spend a self-denying, active life in the attempt of leading the females of Hindostan to that Jesus, whom we have found so precious to our souls. What if our lives are replete with hardships and afflictions?

> ——————Our journey here
> Though it be darksome, joyless, and forlorn,
> Is yet but short; ere long our weary feet
> Shall greet the peaceful inn of lasting rest.

I have thought much of the plan you proposed, viz. of studying some new language in order to acquire an eastern language with greater facility. N—— and I have conversed upon the subject, and have at length come to this conclusion; that considering our present indispensable engagements, it would be very impracticable. Were we to continue another year in America, I should enter upon the study with pleasure. Perhaps in the course of three months, if nothing in Providence should prevent, we may commence the voyage. Would it not then be more for our own improvement, to devote our time to reading books calculated to excite a spirit of genuine piety, and prepare us for future trials and privations? Mr. N—— is probably with you—When shall I see you

both at H——? Will you not visit me in the spring? Must I be deprived of an interview with you at my home? I wish much to introduce to you one of the best of mothers, and a circle of dear brothers and sisters. It is but a short ride comparatively speaking——————————————Will my friend forgive the freedom with which I have written. The effusions of your pen will always afford me the highest satisfaction.

Miss P—— will often think of her sister

HARRIET."

To Miss M. T. of Newbury.

Boston, Jan. 24, 1812.

"NEITHER distance nor time has been able to efface from my mind the recollection of that affection, which I once so sincerely professed to feel for you, my beloved M My pen would not thus long have laid inactive, had inclination been consulted. No, be assured, that nothing less than important, indispensable engagements has prevented me from acknowledging the receipt of your kind letter, which afforded me much pleasure. I hear from my friend N. that you have been indisposed of late. Such, my sister is the lot of rebel man. Our world is doomed to agonize in pain and sickness, the just desert of sin. Pilgrims and strangers in a dry and thirsty land, where no living waters flow, we, though so young, feel the heavy effects of the first transgression. A composed and tranquil mind,

a heart disposed cheerfully to acquiesce in the dispensations of Heaven, however trying, is desirable indeed. But this divine resignation is a gift of the Spirit. May you be favored with a disposition to rejoice in God, not only when the calm sunshine of prosperity illumines your dwelling; but also, when the dreary tempests of affliction beat upon you. The night of sorrow, though dark, is yet but short, if we are the children of the Most High. As Kirke White beautifully expresses the sentiment, "Our weary feet shall ere long greet the peaceful inn of lasting rest." How sweet will be the rest enjoyed in that peaceful inn, after a life of repeated toil and sufferings for Christ! Let this idea stimulate us to a life of exemplary piety.

If ever we are favored with intimate communion with God, and feel the value of that gospel which bringeth life and salvation, let us compassionate the forlorn heathen. Let our souls weep for those, who are unacquainted with the glad tidings; who spend their wretched lives in worshipping dumb idols; whose lips have never been vocal with redeeming love. Oh, when will the radiant star in the east direct them to Bethlehem! Oh when will the high praises of Immanuel, resound from the lips of the Hindoo in Asia, the Hottentot of Africa, and the inhospitable Indian of our dear native America!

The glorious morn of the Millennium hastens. With an eye of faith we pass the mountains, that now obstruct the universal spread

of the gospel, and behold with joy unspeakable, the beginning of a cloudless day, the "reign of peace and love." Shall we, my ever dear M. who fondly hope that we are the lambs of Jesus' flock, be content to live indolent, inactive lives, and not assist in the great revolution about to be effected in this world of sin? Oh no; we will not let it be said, at the great day, that one soul for whom the Son of God became incarnate, for whom he groaned away a dying life, has perished through our neglect. Let worldly ease be sacrificed; let a life of self-denial and hardships be welcome to us, if the cause of God may thereby be most promoted, and sinners most likely to be saved from destruction.

Notwithstanding all the encouragements which the scriptures afford to those who leave all things for God, and devote their lives to his service, still, my heart often recoils at the evils of a missionary life. The idea of taking a last farewell of friends, and country, and all that is dear on earth (a few friends only excepted,) is exceedingly trying. Yes, my friend, Harriet will shortly be an exile in a foreign country, a stranger in a strange land. But it is for God that I sacrifice all the comforts of a civilized life. This comforts me; this is my hope, this my only consolation. Will M. think of me, will she pray for me, when stormy oceans separate us? Will imagination ever waft her to the floating prison or the Indian hut, where she, who was once honored with the endearing appellation of friend, re-

sides? May we meet in heaven, where friends will no more be called to endure a painful separation. May peace and happiness long be inmates of M.'s breast. May she increase in the enjoyment of her God, as days and years increase. How can I wish her more substantial bliss? Shall I not be favored with one more undisturbed interview with you? Shall I not give you a parting kiss? Shall I not say, *Farewell?* Why may I not spend the little remnant of my days with you? Must I be separated? But enough—my heart is full,—gladly would I fill my sheet with ardent expressions of lasting friendship.

"But, hush, my fond heart, hush,
"There is a shore of better promise;
"And I hope at last, we two shall meet
"In Christ to part no more."

A few more letters will probably close our correspondence forever. Will you write me immediately? M. will gratify me if she loves me. Will you not visit Haverhill this winter? I long to see you. I cannot tell you how much I regretted the loss of your society last summer. I have since been favored with an introduction to your dear Miss G. A lovely girl.

Affectionately yours, HARRIET."

To Miss S. H. Andover.

Haverhill, Feb. 3, 1812.

"THE long expected hour has at length arrived, and I am called to bid an eternal adieu to

the dear land of my nativity, and enter upon a life replete with crosses, privations and hardships. The conflicting emotions, which rend my heart, imagination will point out to my dear Miss H. better than my pen can describe them. But still *peace* reigns many an hour within. Consolations are mine, more valuable than ten thousand worlds. My Savior, my Sanctifier, my Redeemer is still lovely; his comforts *will* delight my soul. Think of Harriet, when crossing the stormy ocean—think of her when wandering over Hindostan's sultry plains. Farewell, my friend—a last—a long farewell.

May *we* meet in yonder world, "where adieus and farewells are a sound unknown."

Give dear Mrs. W. a parting kiss from Harriet.

Write to, and pray often for HARRIET."

To Miss S. B. of Haverhill.

Haverhill, Feb. 1812.

"ACCEPT, my ever dear Sarah, the last tribute of heart-felt affection from your affectionate Harriet, which you will ever receive. The hour of my departure hastens; when another rising sun illumines the eastern horizon, I shall bid a last farewell to a beloved widowed mother, brothers and sisters dear, and the circle of Haverhill friends. With a scene so replete with sorrow just at hand, how can I be otherwise than solemn as Eternity! The motives which first induced me to determine upon devoting my life to the service of God in *distant India*,

now console my sinking spirits. Oh, how valuable—how exceedingly precious—are the promises of the gospel.

Eighteen years of my life have been spent in tranquillity and peace. But those scenes so full of happiness, are departed. They are gone "with the years beyond the flood"—no more to return. A painful succession of joyless days will succeed;—trials, numberless and severe, will be mine to share. Home, *that dearest, sweetest spot*,—friends, whose society has rendered the morn of life pleasant, must be left—forever! The stormy ocean must be crossed! and an Indian cottage in a sultry clime, must shortly contain all that is Harriet. Perhaps no sympathizing friend will stand near my dying bed, to wipe the falling tear, to administer consolation, or to entomb my worthless ashes when my immortal spirit quits this earthly tabernacle.

But why indulge these melancholy sensations? Is it not for Jesus that I make these sacrifices—and will He not support me by his grace? Oh, yes, my heart replies, he will.

> "The sultry climes of India then I'll choose;
> There will I toil, and sinner's bonds unloose;
> There will I live, and draw my latest breath;
> And, in my Jesus' service meet a stingless death."

My Friend, there is a rest for the weary pilgrim in yonder world.—Shall we meet *there*, —"when the long Sabbath of the tomb is past!"

Sarah—my much loved friend—farewell. Farewell—perhaps forever. Though trackless

forests separate—though oceans roll between —Oh, forget not HARRIET."

ON the 6th of Feb. 1812, when the Missionaries were ordained, at SALEM, MRS. NEWELL was present. On that interesting occasion, she manifested remarkable tranquillity and resolution. Feb. 19, 1812, with Mr. NEWELL, and Mr. and Mrs. Judson, she sailed from Salem, and took leave, forever, of her native land, amidst the prayers and benedictions of multitudes. But before her departure she wrote several letters from which the following extracts are made.

To her Mother.

Charlestown, Feb. 7, 1812.

"I HAVE only time to write you a line this morning, before I leave Charlestown. My health is good—friends are kind—and I have not yet had reason to regret my determination to devote my life in such a peculiar manner to the service of God in heathen India. Be comforted my mother; christians are praying for the success of the Mission, and will not forget those females, who engage in the cause. Do not indulge one anxious thought, relative to me. If you love your Harriet, mama, commend her to God and the word of his grace—and then leave her. We shall shortly meet, where separations are unknown. I regret much not

seeing E. dear girl! But it is all right. Give my love to all my dear brothers and sisters. Oh shall we a happy family, meet at last in heaven? I shall write you if possible from Salem.

My dear, dear mother, farewell,

HARRIET."

To the Same.

Salem, Feb. 18, 1812.

"I HAVE only time, my dear mother, to assure you of my ardent affection for you, and my dear brothers and sisters, to ask your prayers, and bid you a short farewell. Dear mother, we shall shortly meet again. We have every accommodation necessary for the voyage;—friends in Salem are very kind. I have received many valuable presents;—but you will hear. Do not let my departure occasion one anxious feeling. I am tranquil and happy—the undertaking appears more noble than ever. Do let me hear that you are composed and happy. Dear mother, farewell;—let the consolations of the gospel now be your support. In America or Asia, I shall be your affectionate daughter, HARRIET."

To the Same.

[Written the evening before the vessel sailed from Salem.]

"HERE am I, my dear mother, on board the brig Caravan, in a neat little cabin, with broth-

er and sister Judson, Mr. P. and Capt. I. (who will spend the night with us,) and another *dear friend* whose beloved society enlivens my spirits, and renders my situation pleasant. I have at length taken leave of the land of my forefathers, and entered the vessel which will be the place of my residence, till I reach the desired haven. Think not, my dear mother, that we are now sitting in silent sorrow, strangers to peace. Oh no; though the idea that I have left you, to see you no more, is painful indeed; yet I think I can say, that I have found the grace of my Redeemer sufficient for me—his strength has been made perfect in my weakness. We have been engaged in singing this evening, and can you believe me, when I tell you, that I never engaged in this delightful part of worship with greater pleasure.

Our accommodations have exceeded highest expectations. God has ever be me good; He *will not* leave n hour. I feel distressed th you and my other dear fri Why should you feel Let me intreat have been she and be happ which I h modations ed obligati covenant tion in r which I

riches and honors of this fading world; but to assist one of Christ's dear ministers in carrying the glad tidings of salvation to the perishing heathen of Asia.

I intended to have written a long letter to our dear M. before I left Salem; but have found it quite impracticable. Do give my love to her and Mr. H. I hope they will not forget me when I am a stranger in a strange land. Remember me affectionately to Mr. and Mrs. W., Miss H. and all my other friends. I shall think much of the society of females in my native town. Will they not make me a subject of intercession at every meeting? O that they may be abundantly blessed.

I never shall repay you, my dear mother, for all the kindness and love you have shewn me thus far in life. Accept my sincere thanks for every favor, and Oh forgive me for so often ing you pain and anxiety. May the Al- reward you a hundred fold for your And now, my dear mother say, but ask you to pray for r Christians to do the same.

weep,

in heaven.
l with use-
d things to

mother,

The following diary was written on her passage to India, and addressed to her mother.

1812.

March 9. To you, my beloved mother, shall these pages be cheerfully dedicated. If they afford you amusement, in a solitary hour—if they are instrumental in dissipating one anxious sensation from your heart, I shall be doubly rewarded for writing. Whatever will gratify a mother so valuable as mine, shall here be recorded, however uninteresting it might be to a stranger. The first week after our embarkation I was confined to my bed with sea sickness. This was a gloomy week. But my spirits were not so much depressed as I once expected they would be. The attendants were obliging, and I had every convenience which I could wish on board a vessel. Feb. 24, the vessel sprung a leak. We were in the greatest danger of sinking during the night. The men labored almost constantly at the pump. Capt. H. thought it best to alter the course of the Caravan, and make directly for St. Jago. The wind changed in the morning. In a day or two the leak was providentially discovered and prevented from doing any further injury. Though much fatigued, sleep departed from me. It was indeed an interesting night. Though a sudden exit from life appeared more solemn than ever before, yet I felt a sweet composure in confiding in God, and in leaving the disposal of my life with him.

We have no family worship, which we consider a great affliction. Sabbath forenoon

Mr. N. or brother J. read a sermon and perform the other exercises of worship in the cabin. The captain and officers favor us with their attendance. I have found much enjoyment at these seasons. I often think on my American friends, who are blessed with the privilege of attending statedly on the means of grace. My thoughts were particularly fixed on my brethren and sisters the first sabbath in March. I thought that our dear pastor would not forget to intercede with God for an absent sister, while sitting at the communion table where I have often had a seat. I shall devote much of my time to reading while on the water. There is but a little variety in a sea life. I have noticed with pleasure that many little articles, which I *accidentally* brought with me, have contributed much to my comfort.

We have had contrary winds and calms for ten days past, which will make our voyage longer. How can it be that I wish for those winds that waft me farther from my dear mother and all that I have in my much loved native country.

March 10. We have prayers regularly, every evening in brother J.'s room, which is larger and more convenient than ours. We have met another brig, bound to America, as we imagine, but on account of contrary winds, which renders it difficult to come near enough to speak with her, she has proceeded on her passage. This is the second vessel which we have seen at a distance, going direct to America; but I have not been favored with the privilege of sending letters to you. Oh, how ar-

dently do I long to tell you, just how I am at present situated, and that I am contented and happy.—It is very difficult writing to-day, on account of the constant motion of the vessel. The wind is favorable,—we go nearly seven miles an hour.

March 12. A heavy sea to-day;—the waves have repeatedly broken on deck, and rushed with violence down the gang-way into the cabin. Our room has not yet been wet.

March 14. I have been agreeably disappointed respecting our manner of living at sea, though we are not free from inconveniences, by any means.

March 16. Yesterday morning, religious exercises were performed, as usual in the cabin. Several pages in Law's Serious Call, read. My thoughts dwell on home, and my much loved country, more intensely on the Sabbath, than on any other day. The sun rises much earlier here than in Haverhill. At one I think you are going to Church. Several gales of wind last evening. I do not know why it is, that I do not suffer more from fear, than I do. Cousin J. will tell you, how dreary every thing appears, in a dark evening, when the wind blows hard, and the vessel seems to be on the point of turning over. But we have been highly favored, the weather has generally been remarkably pleasant.

March 17. I have just seen a third vessel, bound, as we have every reason to think, to dear America. We came so near her as to see the men walking on deck: But Capt. H. re-

ceived particular orders to speak with no vessel on the passage. I have a great desire, to send you, my dear mother, some communication. But this gratification I must give up. Five weeks yesterday, since I bid you adieu. Oh that you may never, for one moment, regret that you gave me up, to assist in so great, so glorious a work. I want more faith, more spirituality, more engagedness in so good a cause. Possessed of these blessings, I shall be happy, while crossing the tempestuous ocean, and when I become an inhabitant of pagan Asia.

March 18. I am sometimes almost sick, for the want of exercise. I walk fast on the deck three times a day, which is the only exercise I take. We are now more than 3,000 miles from home. I shall ever find a melancholy pleasure in calling my mother's house in Haverhill, *my home*, though the Atlantic floods roll between. Long may the best of Heaven's blessings rest upon the dwelling, where I have spent my playful years in peace, and where in riper age I have known what tranquillity is, by happy experience. Long may my beloved mother, and dear brothers and sisters, enjoy the blessing of my Heavenly Father, and be strangers to affliction and woe.

March 19. It is excessively warm to-day. We are now in the torrid Zone; while my dear mother, brothers and sisters are probably shivering over a large fire, I am sitting with the window and door open, covered with sweat. Brother and sister Judson are asleep on one bed, Mr. N. lounging on another, while I am

writing. You know not how much I think of you all—how ardently I desire to hear from you and see you. My time passes more pleasantly, than ever I anticipated. I read, and sew, and converse at intervals;—rise early in the morning—retire early at night. I find Mr. Newell to be every thing I could wish for. He not only acts the part of a kind, affectionate friend, but likewise that of a careful, tender *physician.*

March 20. I have been into a bath of salt water this evening, which has refreshed me much. I think I shall bathe regularly every other day. I often think of many ways in which I could have contributed to your comfort and happiness, and that of my other dear friends, while with you. My mother, my dear mother, can you, will you forgive me for causing you so much pain, as I surely have done in the course of my life, and for making you so few returns for the unwearied care and kindness you have ever shown me. I think that if your heart is fixed, trusting in God, you will find consolation, when thinking of my present situation. You will be unspeakably happy in commending me to God and the word of grace, and praying for my welfare in heathen lands.

March 22. I have spent a quarter part of this holy day on deck, reading, singing, conversing, &c. I hope this has been a profitable and joyful sabbath to my dear mother.

Oh how ardently do I long again to frequent the courts of my God, and hear from his an-

bassadors the joyful sound of the glorious gospel. But though in a humbler manner, yet I trust we find his grace displayed towards us while meeting for his worship—The weather is hot in the extreme—we are within a few days sail of the line. I have not found a stove necessary more than once or twice since I left the harbor. The weather has been much warmer than I anticipated. But we keep pretty comfortable in the air.

March 23. I cannot yet drink coffee or tea without milk. We have water porridge night and morning, and sometimes chocolate, which is very good. We have every necessary which is possible on the ocean. I am thankful, I feel no disposition to complain. I have for the most part of the time since we sailed, enjoyed a great degree of real happiness. The everlasting God is my refuge.

March 24. Mr. Newell often regrets that he had no more time to spend with you previous to our departure. He often says, "Harriet, how I do long to see your dear mother." We often look the way where Captain H. tells us Haverhill lies. But alas a *vast* ocean and the blue sky is all we can see. But there is a land, my dear mother, where stormy seas cannot divide the friends of Jesus. There I hope to meet you and all my beloved friends, to whom on earth I have bid adieu. Oh that, when the followers of the Lamb are collected from the East and West, from the North and South, Harriet, an *exile*, in a distant land, with her mother, father, brothers and sisters, may be

united in the family of the Most High in heaven.

March 25. The weather is about as warm as the extreme hot weather in America, last summer. Mama may possibly be called to fit out another daughter for India. If so, I think some improvement might be made upon her plan. We all feel the want of more thin clothes. We are told we shall not be likely to suffer more from the heat in Bengal, than we do now. We do not go more than a mile an hour. Are within 160 miles of the Equator. This is dear little Emily's birth day. Sweet child—will she ever forget her absent sister Harriet, whom once she loved? Oh no;—I will not for one moment indulge the thought. I cannot bear to think of losing a place in the remembrance of dear friends.

March 26. My attachment to the world has greatly lessened since I left my country, and with it all the honors, pleasures, and riches of life. Yes, mama, I feel this morning like a pilgrim and a traveller in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is. Heaven is my home —there I trust my weary soul will sweetly rest, after a tempestuous voyage across the ocean of life. I love to think of what I shall shortly be when I have finished my Heavenly Father's work on earth. How sweet the thoughts of glory, while I wander here in this waste wilderness. I still contemplate the path into which I have entered with pleasure, although replete with trials, under which, nothing but sovereign grace can support me.

I have at times the most ardent desires to see you, and my other dear friends. These desires, for a moment, are almost insupportable. But when I think seriously of the object of my undertaking, and the motives which first induced me, to give up all, and enter upon it, I enjoy a sweet serenity of mind; a satisfaction, which the heaviest trials cannot destroy. The sacrifices which I have made, are great indeed; but the light of Immanuel's countenance can enliven every dreary scene, and make the path of duty pleasant. Should I at some future period be destitute of *one* sympathizing friend, in a foreign sickly clime, I shall have nothing to fear. When earthly friends forsake me, then "the Lord will take me up" No anticipated trials ought to make me anxious; for I know that I can do and suffer all things, "through Christ who strengtheneth me." In his hands I leave the direction of every event, knowing that he who is infinitely wise and good, can do no wrong.

March 29. We crossed the Equator last night. The weather still continues excessively hot. Heavy gales of wind, and repeated showers of rain rendering it necessary for the captain and officers to be on deck, we had no religious exercises in the cabin.

March 31. It is six weeks, this evening, since we came on board the Caravan. How rapidly have the weeks glided away. Thus my dear mama, will this short life pass. Why then do our thoughts dwell so much upon a short separation, when there is a world,

where the friends of Jesus will never part more.

April 1. Three sharks caught to-day. In their frightful appearance they far exceeded the description I have often heard given of them.

May 1. Again, my ever dear mother, I devote a few leisure moments to you, and my beloved brothers and sisters. The winds and the waves are bearing us rapidly away from *America*. I care not how soon we reach Calcutta, and are placed in a still room, with a bowl of milk and a loaf of indian bread. I can hardly think of this simple fare without exclaiming, oh, what a luxury!—I have been so weary of the excessive rocking of the vessel, and the almost intolerable smell after the rain, that I have done little more, than lounge on the bed for several days. But I have been blest with excellent spirits, and to-day have been running about the deck, and *dancing* in our room for *exercise*, as well as ever. What do some females do, who have unkind husbands in sickness? Among the many signal favors, I am daily receiving from GOD, one of the greatest is a most affectionate partner. With him my days pass cheerfully away—happy in the consciousness of loving and of being beloved. With him contented I would live, and contented I would die. This my mother, is the language of your Harriet's heart.

We are in the latitude of the Cape. The weather is cold, and will probably be so for a month—The last winter we shall have—Ten

weeks since we left Salem—I often think and often dream of you.—Is mama happy? Oh! yes—blest with the rich consolation of the gospel, she cannot be unhappy. But mama, the heathen are wretched. For their sake shall not some Christians leave friends and country, cross the Atlantic, and submit to many hardships, to carry them the word of life. I do not repent, nor have I ever repented of my undertaking. My health is as good as I could reasonably expect. When I get to Calcutta, I will tell you more of that.

When in the exercise of right feelings, I rejoice that I am made capable of adding to the happiness of one of Christ's dear missionaries. This is the sphere, in which I expect to be useful, while life is prolonged. This is what *you* calculated upon, and I am now happy in seeing this wish daily accomplished. In heaven I hope shortly to recount to you the many toils of my pilgrimage. My dear mother, and my dear brothers and sisters farewell for the present.—Lest I should forget I mention it now—request brother E. W. and all who are interested enough to inquire for me, to write me long letters. Oh! how acceptable will American letters be. You *will* think of it.

May 8. My dear Mr. N. has been ill this week past with the dysentery—so ill that he has kept his bed the greater part of the time. Should he fall a victim to this painful disease and leave me alone in a strange land—But I will not distrust the care of my heavenly Fa-

ther. I know he will never leave nor forsake me; though a widowed stranger in a strange country. The weather is rainy, the sea runs high, and our room is often overflowed with water. My health has been remarkably good since Mr. N.'s sickness, and I have been able to attend upon him a little. But think mama, how painful it must be to the feeling heart to stand by the sick bed of a beloved friend—see him in want of many necessaries which you cannot provide. Four years to-day since my father's death. You, my dear mother, have probably thought of it, and the recollection is painful. Dear cousin C. has probably before this time entered the world of spirits; and perhaps more of my dear Haverhill friends.

"This life's a dream, an empty show."

We find that we have taken passage in an old leaky vessel, which perhaps will not stand the force of the wind and waves until we get to Calcutta. But if God has any thing for us to do in heathen Asia we shall get there and accomplish it. Why then do we fear? It is God,

"Who rides upon the stormy winds,
"And manages the seas."

And is not *this* God *our* God?

May 10. Mr. Newell's health is much improved. "I will bless the Lord because he hath heard the voice of my supplications." The weather is still cold and unpleasant. We are tossing about on the stormy waves, and are

subjected to the numerous inconveniences of a sea-faring life. We go at the rate of 160 miles in 24 hours. We hope to reach our destined haven in six or seven weeks.

Scarcely a night passes, but I dream of my dear mother, brothers and sisters. My sleeping hours are pleasant.

May 11. I have been reading what I have written, and fear that mama will conclude from some sentences, that I am not so happy in my present situation, as she could wish. It has never been my intention to leave this impression on your mind. Believe me, my mother, in the sincerity of my heart I can say, that with a very few exceptions, I am happy all the day long. Though I am deeply sensible of my want of many qualifications, which would render a female highly useful among those of her own sex in Asia, yet I delight in the thought, that weak and unqualified as I am, a sovereign God may see fit to make me the instrument of doing some good to the heathen, either directly or indirectly. Recollect, mama, that happiness is not confined to any particular situation.

The humble cottager may enjoy as much happiness, as the king on his throne. Blest with a competency, what more do we want? *This* God has hitherto granted me; and more than this, he has often given me the enjoyment of himself, which you know by happy experience is of greater value, than all this earth can afford:

"Give what thou wilt, without thee we are poor,
"And with *thee* rich, *take what thou wilt away.*"

I think I never enjoyed so much solid peace of mind—never was so free from discontent and melancholy, as since I have been here; though I still retain a sinful heart, and often am led to doubt the reality of my being personally interested in the covenant.

May 14. You will not doubt but what my health is excellent, when I tell you that I eat meat three times a day with a very good relish. I generally drink water-gruel morning and evening, instead of coffee and tea. The gingerbread, which the ladies in Salem made for us, is still good. But we find, that the crackers, which capt. Pearson put up for us, have been, and still are, more acceptable than any thing else which we have. The preserves, which I brought from home, were almost useless. For in a week or two after we sailed they grew mouldy, and I gave them to the sailors. Those which Mrs. B. gave me kept very well. Mr. N. relished them in his sickness. I wish to thank her.

May 17.—*Sabbath eve.* This has been a pleasant day. We assembled in the cabin as usual, and joined in the worship of God. I have enjoyed as much this day as I ever did in an American church. The presence of Jesus is not confined to a temple made with hands. Many hundreds flock to his house every Sabbath. The word preached does not profit them. They go and return without a

blessing; while the believing two or three who are gathered together in his name are favored with his presence. This thought often gives me great encouragement, when lamenting my long absense from the courts of the Lord. "I have loved the place where thine honor dwelleth."

May 20. This is probably a delightful month with you. "The winter is past, and the time of the singing of birds is come." May health, peace and joy reside in my dear-loved native dwelling. Oh! may my mother dear and all her children be favored with those joys, which the gospel of Jesus affords. Pray that Harriet may possess them too, though far away from friends and home.

May 21. How does our dear Church flourish? Is the little flock which our dear pastor is attempting to direct to glory, increasing in strength, piety, and numbers? And how is it with the pious few, whom I left walking closely with God, like pilgrims and strangers, and daily expectants of rest? O that I were with them, to speak a word to our dear sisters, and exhort them to be faithful unto the end. But no—mama, do not regard the opposition of the world, or Satan; but Oh, be active, be engaged in promoting piety around you. Oh, that I had done more for Jesus, when with you—Oh that those evenings which were spent in vanity, had been sacred to prayer! Tell cousin J. to exert every faculty of his soul for God.

May 22. How does dear little A. do? I should love to see the sweet child. May he

long live to comfort his parents, and do good in the world! Our dear Mr. W. is probably now at Haverhill. It would have been pleasant to see him once more. Do give my love to him. Will he write me *one* letter? M. I hope, has become very good, and is affording you much assistance and comfort. C. likewise, and little E. I hope are great blessings to their dear mother. Do kiss all the children for me. I shall expect letters from every one. I shall not ask for them; for mama knows what I want. I cannot yet give up the idea of having a visit from you, when I get settled in my little Indian hut. Perhaps E. S. or C. may accompany some Missionary to Asia. If the mission-ship should be sent—but let me stop. I have thought more than ever, since I left home, that I shall return to America again, if deprived by death of my dear, dear Mr. N. Oh that such an event might never happen. But life is uncertain, particularly in burning India. I am trying to familiarize my mind to every affliction. We often converse of a separation. It is his wish that I should return to you immediately, should such an event take place; unless I am positive of being more extensively useful among the heathen.

May 24. Hope my Haverhill friends have enjoyed as much comfort as I have, this holy sabbath.

May 31. We have, this evening, been reading some account of Birmah. Never before did I so much feel my dependance on God. We are going among a savage people without the

protection of a religious government. We may possibly one day die martyrs to the cause, which we have espoused. But trusting in God, we may yet be happy, *infinitely* more happy, than all the riches and honors of this world can make us. I hope you will never indulge an anxious thought about us. Pray often, and pray earnestly for us. Oh how does the hope of *heaven* reconcile me to a life of trials. When my friends in America hear of my departure from this vale of tears, let the thought, that I am at rest in Jesus, influence them to rejoice rather than to weep.

June 7. The weather grows warmer, and the heat will probably continue to increase until we reach Calcutta. But we have fine winds, which render the weather *comfortable*. Worship as usual in the cabin to-day. We have commenced and ended this sabbath nearly at the same time with the Christians in India. If mama and our other friends were now to look on the map, they would see us in the torrid zone, passing near the fertile island of Ceylon. The idea of being within some hundred miles of land is really pleasant. We have had strong gales of wind, and heavy rains, attended with thunder and lightning of late;—which might terrify a heart, more susceptible of feeling than mine. I know not how it is; but I hear the thunder roll;—see the lightning flash;—and the waves threatening to swallow up the vessel;—and yet remain unmoved.

June 9. We are now looking forward in expectation of shortly seeing the shores of Cal-

cutta. The idea of again walking on the earth, and conversing with its inhabitants, is pleasing. Though, as we often remark to each other, *this* may be the pleasantest part of our lives. We do not calculate upon a life of ease.

June 10. We have been packing some of our things to-day. Hope to reach port Sabbath-day, if the winds prove favorable.

June 11. Some visitors from land to-day,—two *birds* and a *butterfly*. We suppose, that we are about one hundred miles from land. The weather unpleasant and rainy last night and to-day. I dread rainy weather very much at sea. How does dear E. do? Is she a very good child? Do, dear mother, talk often to the children about their sister Harriet. Do not let them forget me. I think much of dear sister E. How happy should I feel, if she were with me. Dear girl! with what sensations do I recal the scenes of other years! I hope that E. is happy. Perhaps ere this, she has given herself to God, and commenced a serious and devout life. If this is the case, my heart congratulates her. My mother, shall so much loveliness be lost?

June 12. Rejoice with us, my *dear, dear mother*, in the goodness of our covenant God. After seeing nothing but sky and water for *one hundred and fourteen days*, we this morning heard the joyful exclamation of "*land, land!*" It is the coast of Orissa, about twenty miles from us. Should the wind be favorable, we shall not lose sight of land again until we get to Calcutta. We hope to see the *pagoda*

which contains the *Idol Juggernaut*, before sunset. The view of the Orissa coast, though at a distance, excites within me a variety of sensations unknown before. For it is the land of pagan darkness, which *Buchanan* so feelingly describes.

June 13. A calm—Passed the temple of Juggernaut, and the Black Pagoda—but the weather being hazy, we could not see them. In the afternoon for the first time spoke a vessel. An American ship from the Cape of Good Hope. It seemed good to hear the voice of a human being not belonging to our number. Agreed to keep company during the night.

June 14. No public worship to-day.—The last night, a *sleepless,—tedious one.*—Sounded every half hour all night.—The water shallow, and of a dirty light green.—Surrounded by shoals,—in perpetual danger of running upon them. Many vessels have been shipwrecked here, and in the Hoogly river. May that God, who has hitherto been our protector, still stand by us.—Anxiously looking for a pilot, but no vessel in sight.—The ship and brig close by us.—Pleasant having company. Spoke with the brig to-day—Owned by some one in Calcutta, and manned by *Bengallees*. I could see them distinctly with a spy glass.—Lost sight of land.—No sun for three days.

June 15. We anchored last night. Dangerous sailing in this place in the dark—providentially discovered a pilot's schooner this morning. Vessels are sometimes kept waiting ten days or more for a pilot. The pilot, an

English lad called the leadsman, and the pilot's Hindoo servant, came on board, bag and baggage. I should like to describe this Hindoo to you. He is small in stature, about twenty years of age, of a dark copper color. His countenance is mild, and indicates the most perfect apathy and indolence. He is dressed in calico trowsers and a white cotton short gown. He is a Mahometan. I should not imagine that he had force enough to engage in any employment.

June 16. Last night by sunset the anchor was thrown again. A heavy sea; the vessel rocked violently all the evening. The water, rushing in at the cabin windows, overflowed our rooms. The birth is our only place of refuge at such times.

About eleven the cable broke, and we were dashed about all night in continual danger of running upon some shoal. The anchor was lost, yet we were miraculously preserved from a sudden and awful death, by that God who rules the seas, and whom the winds obey. I slept the greater part of the night *sweetly;* though the dead lights were in, which made our room excessively hot, and much confusion was on deck; all hands hard at work the most of the night:—What a blessing, Oh my mother, is health. Were I on land, I think no one would be so free from complaints, as I. Even here, notwithstanding all the fatigue to which I am unavoidably subjected, I get along surprisingly.—Saugor Island about two miles from us. This is the island where so many

innocent children have been sacrificed by their parents, to sharks and alligators. Cruel, cruel! While I am now writing, we are fast entering the river Hoogly.—For several days past, we have had frequent showers of rain. This is the time at which the rainy season commences in Bengal. It is the most unhealthy part of the year. The weather is not uncomfortably warm.

12 o'clock. A boat filled with Hindoos from *Cudjeree*, has just left our vessel. It is called a port-boat. They have taken letters, which will be sent post haste before us, to Calcutta. These Hindoos were *naked*, except a piece of cotton cloth wrapped about their middle. They are of a dark copper color, and with much more interesting countenances, than the Hindoo we have now on board. They appeared active, talkative, and as though they were capable of acquiring a knowledge of the Christian religion, if instructed. Their hair is black —some had it shaved off the fore part of the head, and tied in a bunch behind; that of the others, was all turned back. I long to become acquainted with the Hindoo language.

1 o'clock. We are now so near land as to see the green bushes and trees on the banks of the river. The smell of the land air is reviving. We hear the birds singing sweetly in the bushes.

5 o'clock. I wish my ever dear mother could be a partaker of our pleasures. Were it in my power, how gladly would I describe to you, the beauties of the scenery around us. After

passing hundreds of the Hindoo cottages, which resemble hay-stacks in their form and color, in the midst of *cocoa-nut*, *banana* and *date* trees, a large English stone house will appear to vary the scene. *Here* will be seen a large white Pagoda through the trees, the place where the idol gods are worshipped; *there* a large ancient building in ruins. Some Hindoos are seen bathing in the waters of the Ganges; others fishing; others sitting at their ease on its banks; others driving home their cattle; which are very numerous; and others, walking with fruit and umbrellas in their hands, with the little tawny children around them. The boats frequently come to our vessel, and the Hindoos chatter, but it is thought best to take no noticen of them. This is the most delightful *trial*, I ever had. We anchor in the river to-night, twenty-five miles from Calcutta. Farewell.

June 17. After a tedious voyage, we have, my dear mother, arrived at Calcutta. We reached here yesterday, at three o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. N. and brother J. went on shore immediately, and returned in the evening. They called at the Police office, entered their names, called upon Dr. Carey at his dwelling-house at Calcutta, were cordially received, and by him invited to go immediately to Serampore. They likewise saw Mr. Marshman and Mr. Ward. I cannot say that our future prospects are at present flattering, but hope before I send you *this*, they will wear a different aspect.

Mr. N. and J. will go on shore again this morning; we hope to be *permitted to land and reside here for a season*, but know not how it will be.

The English East India Company are *violently* opposed to missions; but I will tell you *more* at some future time. Oh that their hearts might be opened to receive the blessings of the gospel. Oh my mother my heart is pained within me at what I have already seen of these wretched Pagans. Here we are, surrounded by hundreds of them, whose only object is to get their rice, eat, drink, and sleep. One of the *writer cast*, dressed in a muslin Cuprah and white turban (which is the common habit of *that cast*) who can talk *English*, has just left the cabin. His name is Ram-Joy-Gos. Your pious heart, my dear mother, would melt with compassion to hear him talk. Oh the superstition that prevails through this country! I am sure, if we gain admittance into Asia, I shall plead harder with American Christians to send missionaries to these Bengal heathen, than ever a missionary did before.

Three miles from Calcutta, a native came with a basket of pine-apples, plantains, (which taste like a rich pear,) a pot of fresh butter, and several loaves of good bread—a present from one of Capt. H's friends. At night I made a *delicious* meal on bread and milk. The milk though thin, was a luxury. Yesterday and last night we were not uncomfortably warm, as the day was cloudy, attended with a

little rain. But to day it is *excessively hot.* I dare not go on deck, for I burned my face so yesterday, that it is almost ready to blister; owing to my going on deck without a bonnet. You have heard of the natives dying by being sun-struck.

I think I can say, I never felt better in America, than I do here. Calcutta harbor is a delightful place. But we are quite tired of the noise. The natives are as thick as bees; they keep a continual chattering. I like the sound of the Bengallee much.

June 18. Yesterday afternoon we left the vessel and were conveyed in a Palanquin through crowds of Hindoos to Dr. Carey's.

No English lady is here seen walking the streets. This I do not now wonder at. The natives are so numerous and noisy, that a walk would be extremely unpleasant. Calcutta houses are built almost entirely of stone. They are very large and airy. Dr. C.'s house appeared like a palace to us, after residing so long in our little room. He keeps a large number of Hindoo servants. Mrs. Carey is very ill at Serampore. The Doctor is a small man and very pleasant. He received us very cordially. This morning we saw some of the native Christians. Ram Mo Lund was one. They cannot talk English. A son of Dr. C.'s is studying law at Calcutta. He is an amiable young man. An invitation to go to Serampore to-morrow.

June 20. At Serampore. We came here last evening by water. The dear missiona-

ries received us with the same cordiality, as they would, if we had been own brothers and sisters. This is the most delightful place I ever saw. Here the missionaries enjoy *all* the comforts of life, and are actively engaged in the Redeemer's service. After a tedious voyage of four months at sea, think, my dear mother, how grateful to us is this retired and delightful spot. The mission house consists of four large, commodious stone buildings. Dr. Carey's, Dr. Marshman's, Mr. Ward's, and the common house. In the last we are accommodated, with two large spacious rooms, with every convenience we could wish. It has eight rooms on the floor, no chambers; viz. the two rooms above mentioned, with two other lodging rooms, the Dining Hall, where a hundred or more eat, a large elegant chapel, and two large Libraries. The buildings stand close to the river. The view of the other side is delightful.

The garden is larger and much more elegant, than any I ever saw in America. A few months since the printing office was destroyed by fire. This was a heavy stroke; but the printing is now carried on very extensively. There is a large number of out buildings also; the cook house, one for making paper, &c. &c.

June 21. Mr. N. preached this morning in the mission chapel. Mr. W. in the afternoon in the Bengallee language to about fifty Hindoos and Mussulmen. This afternoon, I shall ever recollect with peculiar sensations. The appearance of the Christian Hindoos when lis-

tening to the word of life, would have reproved many an American Christian. Had you been present I am sure you could not have refrained from weeping. Had an opposer of missions been present, his objections must have vanished. He would have exclaimed, what hath God wrought! To hear the praises of Jesus sung by a people of strange language; to see them kneel before the throne of grace; to behold them eagerly catching every word which proceeded from the mouth of their minister, was a joyful, affecting scene. Rejoice, my mother; the standard of the blessed *Immanuel* is erected in this distant pagan land; and here the gospel will undoubtedly continue, till the commencement of the bright millennial day. In the evening brother J. preached. How precious the privileges I now enjoy.

June 22. I have every thing here which heart could wish, but American friends. We are treated with the *greatest possible* kindness. Every thing tends to make us happy and excite our gratitude. You would love these dear missionaries, could you see them.

June 24. I have just returned from a scene, calculated to awaken every compassionate feeling. At nine in the morning we took a *budgerow*, and went three or four miles up the river to see the worship of Juggernaut. The log of wood was taken from his pagoda and bathed in the sacred waters of the Ganges. The assembled worshippers followed the example, and thousands flocked to the river, where with

prayers and many superstitious rites, they bathed. Miserable wretches! Oh that American Christians would but form an adequate idea of the gross darkness which covers this people.

July 14. A letter from Calcutta informs us that the Frances will sail for *America* in a day or two. With this information I must be expeditious in writing. As the *Caravan* will sail in a short time, I shall neglect writing now to many of my *dear friends*, to whom I shall then be very particular. I hope the contents of this little book will be gratifying to my dear mother. She will remember that they were written while the events were *passing*, and that they were the feelings of the moment. You will therefore feel disposed to pass over all errors, and think it like the private conversation of one of your daughters.

I am sure I love my *dear, dear mother*, and my beloved *brothers* and *sisters*, and all my dear *American friends*, as well now, as I did on the morning when I took my last farewell of home. I long to *hear* from you all. Whenever you think of me, think I am happy and contented; that I do not regret coming *here*.

My dear mother, unite with me in praising God for one of the best of *husbands*. Oh what would have been my wretchedness, had I found Mr. N. a cold, inattentive partner. But he is *all* that I could wish him to be. Do give much love to all my friends in Haverhill. I cannot stop to particularize them. They are all dear to me, and I shall write to many of them by the *Caravan*. *Dear mother*, if I sup-

pose you had one anxious thought about me, I should not feel happy. I think I see you surrounded by your dear family, taking comfort in their society, and blessing *God* for one child to consecrate to the work of a mission. Oh that you might find the grace of Jesus sufficient for you. As your day is so may your strength be. Trust in *God;* he will support you under every trial. I hope to meet my dear mother and brothers and sisters in heaven, where we shall never be separated.

Farewell my *dear, dear* mother. May you enjoy as large a share of earthly bliss, as your God shall see best to give you; and Oh that the joys of *that gospel,* of which the *heathen* are ignorant, may be yours in life, and in the solemn hour of dissolution.—*Farewell.*—A letter to our dear Miss H. almost finished, lies by me;—will be sent by the Caravan. One to Mr. Dodge likewise. Love to both.

HARRIET NEWELL.

The first of the following letters was begun at sea, and finished after her arrival in India.

April 14, 1812.

On board the Caravan—at Sea.

My dear Mrs. K.

"MOST sensibly do I feel the loss of the society of my Christian friends in Haverhill, with whom I often took sweet counsel. How repeatedly have I commemorated the death of

the blessed Jesus at his table with my sister and friend, my ever dear Mrs. K. The ties are still strong which attach my heart to her; and though I no more anticipate another meeting with her on earth, yet I hope to sit with her at the gospel feast in Heaven, where all parting tears will be wiped away. Two months this day since I left my native shores and became a resident of this floating prison. The change has been great indeed which the last months have effected in my situation. Many have been the inconveniencies and privations to which I have been subjected. I have relinquished a life of ease and tranquillity in the bosom of my relatives and friends, for the hardship of a voyage across the Atlantic, and a habitation in an unhealthy clime among heathens. But I am far from being unhappy. I have found many valuable sources of enjoyment, and believe I can say in the sincerity of my heart, that notwithstanding my separation from every object which once I loved, yet I never was happier or more contented in my life. In one bosom friend I find the endearing qualities of a parent, a brother, and a husband, all united. This sympathy alleviates every sorrow—his prayers diffuse joy and consolation through my heart, and while he lessens my earthly griefs, he points me to that world, where the weary are at rest.

June 9, lat. 10°, long. 36°.

We are rapidly advancing to the place of our destination. A few days more will probably land us on the shores of Asia. I feel, my

dear Mrs. K. a mixture of pleasing and melancholy sensations, as I approach nearer Calcutta. Melancholy, because I can see none of my friends there, and it is an unhealthy, sultry, region, which the gospel, has never illuminated;—pleasing, because a hope is indulged that ere long the darkness of paganism will be scattered, and the news of salvation be diffused far and wide.

My health has been remarkably good, since we crossed the equator the last time. This I consider a very great blessing, and some encouragement that I shall enjoy the same favor in India. The weather is excessively hot; the nights are very uncomfortable, owing to the confined air of our rooms. But what is this compared with India? The recollection of departed pleasures often casts a gloom over my presents enjoyments. "I think of the days of other years, and my soul is sad." How does dear Haverhill, my much loved native town, appear. How are its dear inhabitants? How is the little flock of Jesus, of which you are a member? How flourishes that dear society of praying females? How is our dear pastor? Are the weekly conferences continued? Are there many who attend them? Are there many inquiring the way to Zion? Are there any new converts to the power of truth? Are there numbers daily added to the Church of such as shall be saved? Were I with my dear Mrs. K. how gladly would I particularize. But I must stop. In one or two years, I may have an answer to these questions. Oh that it

might be such an answer, as will gladden my heart, and cause our little Mission band to rejoice. I hope that it will not be long before glad tidings from the East, will give you joy.

Oh that this infant Mission might ever live before God. May that quarter of the globe, where so many wonderful transactions have been performed, be filled with the glory of God. Oh that the standard of Immanuel's cross were already erected in Heathen Asia, and that Mahometans and pagans were prostrated before it. I cannot but hope that the labors of our missionary brethren will be abundantly successful in winning souls to Christ, and that we shall afford them some comfort and assistance in the arduous, but glorious work.

June 14.

My dear Mrs. K. I think will congratulate us on again seeing land. I have been walking on deck, and have seen a boat filled with Hindoos approach our vessel. I like their appearance much, and feel more reconciled to the idea of living among them than ever before. My heart burns within me while I write. O my friend, will these degraded pagans ever be brought to Jesus?

Serampore, July 16.

I have not time to review what I wrote you my dear Mrs K. on board the Caravan, but send it you full of errors, with a promise to write you shortly again by vessels which will soon go to America. Do let me hear from you. I long to have letters from Haverhill.

You will be kind enough to visit my dear mother often, and console her with your pious conversation. I think much of her. Oh that Jesus would support her under all her trials. Dear woman!—Mrs. K. do not forget me, though I am far away. Let me have your prayers, and the prayers of all my Christian friends in America. A short farewell. Affectionately yours, HARRIET

Respects and love to your dear mother and sister, and all other dear friends."

To her Brother J. member of Yale College.

Mission House, Serampore,
June 27, 1812.

"I HAVE just received the welcome intelligence that a vessel, bound to America, will sail in a few days. With sensations of pleasure unknown before, I have taken my pen to address a brother, who, though far distant, is unspeakably dear to my heart. I cannot tell you how I long to see you; nor how much joy a letter from you would give me. Neither distance, nor a long absence, has in the least diminished my affection for you. No; my brother, although the pathless ocean rolls between, and I no more anticipate another interview with you on earth; yet I love you, ardently and sincerely love you. Your happiness will ever make me happy. I sometimes indulge the fond hope that Almighty grace *will* incline your heart to visit this distant heathen clime, and here proclaim the joyful news of salvation

to multitudes of dying Pagans, immersed in superstition and wretchedness. But if this laborious part of the vineyard should not be assigned you; Oh that your days might be spent in winning souls to Jesus, in happy America, where you can enjoy ease and security, in the bosom of your friends. I feel assured that my dear brother will be gratified by a recital of the various scenes through which I have passed, since I bid a last farewell to our dear maternal abode, and left my country. I suffered all the horrors of seasickness the first week after I left Salem harbor. At the conclusion of the week we were, one dark and stormy night, alarmed by the intelligence, that our vessel had sprung a leak, and that, unless Providence interposed, we should sink in twenty-four hours. In this trying hour I thought of death, and the thought was sweet. Nothing, but anticipating the long-continued anxiety and distress of my dear American friends, made *such* a sudden exit from life, in *such* an awful manner, melancholy and painful. But God, who is rich in mercy, interposed in our behalf the following day, by sending a favorable wind, which enabled the mariners to repair the vessel, when their strength was nearly exhausted by long pumping. We proceeded on our passage with pleasant weather—favorable winds—few heavy gales,—until we reached the Cape of Good Hope. The weather was then cold and boisterous—the sea rough, and our room was repeatedly overflowed with water. The newly

discovered shoals round the Cape rendered this part of the voyage extremely dangerous. The first land we saw was the Orissa coast, 114 days after sailing. The sight of the adjacent country, after we entered the river Hoogly, was beautiful beyond description. Leaving America in the winter, and for a length of time seeing nothing but sky and water, think what must have been our delight to gaze upon the trees, the green grass, the little thatched cottages of the Hindoos resembling a stack of hay, the elegant buildings of the English, the animals feeding, and the Hindoos themselves rambling near the shore. My friend Nancy and I were detained two days on board the Caravan after our arrival at Calcutta. This was a time of great confusion. The Hindoos, of every class, flocked around our vessel like bees round a hive. We were carried in Palanquins to the house of Dr. Carey, Professor at the College at Fort William of the Oriental Languages. No white female is seen walking in the streets, and but few gentlemen. English coaches, chaises, chairs, and palanquins are numerous. Every street is thronged with the natives. If you ride in a chaise, it is necessary for a Hindoo to run before to clear the way. The houses in Calcutta, and indeed all the buildings, the Hindoo huts excepted, are built with stone or brick, white washed. These are lofty, and have an ancient appearance. Some of them are very elegant. There are many half Eng-

lish children in Calcutta. There is a charity school close by Dr. Carey's, supported by subscription, managed by the Baptist Missionaries, consisting of about 100 Portuguese children. Here they enjoy the benefit of religious instruction. We attended the English Church one evening. This is an elegant building.

The Friday after our arrival, we took a boat and came to Serampore—15 miles from Calcutta. This is a delightful place, situated on the river Ganges. It is inhabited chiefly by Danes. This retired spot is best calculated to prepare us for our future trials, and our arduous work. There are five large buildings belonging to the Mission, viz. the printing office, the common house, Dr. Carey's, Dr. Marshman's, and Mr. Ward's dwelling houses; besides several convenient outhouses, one for making paper, one for cooking, &c. &c. There is one of the most delightful gardens here I ever saw. It contains a large number of fruit trees, plants, flowers, &c. The fruit is not as good as ours. Mangoes, plantains, pine apples, cocoa nuts, are very plentiful now. Dr. Carey spends most of his time at Calcutta. Mr. and Mrs. Marshman have large schools of English and half English children—about eighty in both schools. The boys are instructed in Chinese and other languages. These children all eat with us in the hall, and attend prayers morning and evening in the mission chapel. Many of them are sweet singers. Mr. Ward superintends the printing. Here a large number of Hindoos are

employed. Mr. Ward has the care of providing for the whole Mission family. Servants are numerous. This is necessary; for their religion will not permit them to do but one kind of work: For instance, one servant will sweep a room; but no persuasion will be sufficient to make him dust the things. The church of Christian natives is large. It is a delightful sight to see them meet together for the worship of God. The missionaries preach to them in Bengallee. They sing charmingly in their language. We went in a budgerow (a boat with a little room in it, cushions on each side, and Venetian blinds,) the 24th of this month, to see the worship of the Hindoo god, Juggernaut, a few miles from Serampore. They took the idol, a frightful object, out of the pagoda, and bathed him in the water of the Ganges, which they consider sacred. They bathed themselves in the river —repeated long forms of prayer—counted their fingers—poured muddy water down their children's throats, and such like foolish, superstitious ceremonies, in honor of their god. Thousands on thousands were assembled to perform these idolatrous rites. In witnessing these scenes, I felt more than ever the blessedness—the superior excellence of the Christian religion. The Hindoos are very well formed,—straight black hair,—small,—near a copper color. Their dress is cool and becoming. It consists of white muslin, or cotton cloth wrapped about them. Some wear white muslin turbans.

I shall write you again, my dear brother, by the Caravan, and other vessels which will shortly sail to America. I can then give you a more correct history of the Hindoos, the manners and customs of this country, &c. You will wish to know whether I regret coming to this distant land. *I do not;* but feel an increasing satisfaction, in thinking of my arduous undertaking. Since I have been an eye witness of the idolatry and wretchedness of the Asiatics; and find it confirmed by the long experience of the Baptist missionaries, whose names will be remembered with honor, by the latest generations; that females greatly promote the happiness and usefulness of missionaries, I am inclined to bless God for bringing me here. I have not as yet had sufficient trials to shake my faith. Providence has smiled upon us, and we know but little of the hardships of a mission. But we shall shortly leave these abodes of peace and security, and enter upon *that* self-denying life, among a savage people, upon which we calculated when we left our native country. It is not determined where our future lot will be cast.

With respect to my connexion with Mr. Newell, let me tell you that I am, and ever have been, perfectly satisfied with my choice. He is all that I could wish;—affectionate, obliging, attentive; and in one word, every way deserving of my strongest attachment. It shall be my study through life, to render him happy and useful in the fatiguing path which

he has selected. Oh, that God would grant me the accomplishment of my wishes, in this respect. I have enjoyed far better health, than I expected, when I left home. I have been miraculously supported through the fatigues of our tedious voyage. This is the rainy, hot season, and the most unhealthy in the year, but I think I never felt better in America: though many around us are suddenly dropping into eternity. There have been ten deaths in the mission family the last year. This is a sickly, dying clime.

You are probably still at New Haven, I hope making great proficiency in your studies, and preparing for eminent usefulness in the world. Oh my brother, shall we meet in heaven—or shall we be separated *forever?* Let us be solicitous to obtain an interest in Jesus, whatever else we lose. When the glad tidings reach this distant land, that a brother of mine, dear to my heart, has been redeemed from eternal woe, and become a disciple of the blessed Immanuel; Oh how will this delightful intelligence make me rejoice! how will it gladden the days of separation! I long to see our dear mother. Do your utmost, my dear John, to make her happy. The thought of meeting her, in a world where there will be no parting, is sweet. All my beloved brothers and sisters will ever be dear to me. I cannot tell you, how much I think of you all. I feel much happier than ever I expected to feel, in this heathen land. I am glad I came here; I am glad that our dear mama was so willing to

part with me, and that no opposition prevailed with me to relinquish the undertaking. Let me hear from you, my dear, by every vessel bound to Asia. You know not how large a part of my happiness will consist in receiving letters from my American friends. Every particular will be interesting. For the present, I must bid you farewell. May you be distinguished for your attachment to the cause of Jesus, and be made an eminent blessing to your dear friends, and to the world. Oh that by sanctifying grace you might shine as a star of the first magnitude in heaven, when dismissed from this life of toil and pain. Farewell, my dear, ever dear brother, a short farewell. While I live I shall ever find pleasure, in subscribing myself your affectionate sister,

HARRIET NEWELL."

Extracts of a letter to her sister M. at Charlestown.

Serampore, June, 1812.

"I HAVE found, my dear sister, that the trifling afflictions I have already had, have been more sanctified to me, than all the prosperity of my former life. They have taught me that this is a state of discipline, that permanent bliss must proceed from God alone, and that heaven is the only rest that remains for the children of God.

"While I write, I hear the dear christian natives singing one of Zion's songs in the mission chapel. The sounds are melodious—

they remind me of that glorious day, when the children of Jesus, collected from christian and heathen lands, will sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, on the blest plains of the new Jerusalem."

Letter to Mrs. C. of Boston.

Calcutta, June, 1812.

"The last request of my dear Mrs. C. (when quitting the beloved land of my nativity,) and the sincere affection which I feel for her, are my principal inducements for ranking her among the number of my American correspondents.

"I have witnessed scenes this morning calculated to excite the most lively sensations of compassion in the feeling mind. My heart though so often a stranger to pity has been pained within me. Weep, O my soul, over the forlorn state of the benighted heathen; and, O that the friends of Immanuel in my Christian country would shake off their criminal slothfulness, and arise for the help of the Lord against the mighty, in lands where the prince of darkness has long been adored. The worship of the great god of the Hindoos has this day been celebrated. We were apprized yesterday at sunset of its near commencement, by the universal rejoicing of the natives, which lasted through the night. This morning we went in a budgerow* to see the worship. Be-

* A kind of boat.

tween fifteen and twenty thousand worshippers were assembled. The idol Juggernaut was taken from his pagoda, or temple, and bathed in some water taken from the river Ganges, and then replaced in his former situation with shouts of joy and praise. *This* I did not see, the crowd was so great. After this, the people repaired to the river side, where they bathed in the *sacred* waters, said their prayers, counted their fingers, poured the muddy water down their infants' throats, and performed many other superstitious ceremonies with the utmost solemnity, and with countenances indicative of the sincerity of their hearts. Many of the females were decked with garlands of flowers, nose jewels, large rings round their wrists, &c. Some deformed wretches and cripples attracted our attention, and excited our compassion. One man bent almost to the ground was supported by two of his companions, to the holy Ganges. There he doubtless hoped to wash away the pollution of his heart, ignorant of the blood of Jesus, which does indeed cleanse from all sin. O that an abler pen than mine would delineate to my dear Mrs. C. this idol worship. Surely her pious heart would be filled with tender sympathy for these benighted Asiatics, and her prayers would become more constant, more fervent, for the introduction and spread of the blessed gospel among them. Gladly would American believers leave the healthy civilized land of their birth, and spend their lives in preaching Jesus to the natives of In-

dia, did they but now how wretched, how ignorant, they are, and how greatly they need the gospel. Do Christians *feel* the value of *that* gospel which bringeth salvation.

"Let us leave the melancholy subject, and turn to one calculated to fill our minds with holy joy and devout thanksgivings to God? In this land of darkness, where the enemy of souls reigns triumphant. Yes, my friend, there is in heathen Asia a favored spot where the darkness of heathenism is scattered, and the benign influences of the Holy Spirit are felt. Here Jesus has a people formed for his praise redeemed by his precious blood from eternal woe, and made heirs of bliss everlasting. *Bless the Lord, O our souls, and all that is within us, bless and praise his holy name.* Last Sabbath afternoon I shall ever remember with peculiar emotions. Mr. Ward a missionary blessed and beloved of our God, preached in Bengallee to a large collection of Hindoos and Mahometans. The dear converted natives appeared to enjoy the precious season greatly. To hear them join in singing one of Zion's songs;—to see them kneel before the throne of almighty grace,—and listen with eagerness to the word of life, was sufficient to draw tears of joy from eyes that never wept before. After service each dear Christian Hindoo of both sexes came to us with looks expressive of their joy too see new missionaries; and, offering us their hands, they seemed to bid us a hearty welcome. I said to myself, such a sight as this would eternally silence the scruples, and

the criminal opposition to missions, of every real believer. While such persons would intercede for the success of missionaries, and praise the Lord for what he has already done for these once degraded wretches, they would weep and repent in dust and ashes for their former criminality. O that every American might be prevented by sovereign grace from opposing or discouraging those who feel willing to engage in this work, lest the blood of the heathen, at the last day, should be required at their guilty hands.

"Last evening, while thousands were preparing for the impure and idolatrous worship of Juggernaut, the native Christians assembled at the missionary chapel for prayer. Their engagedness in prayer, though I could not understand a word they said, made a deep impression on my mind."

To Miss S. H. Andover.

Serampore, June 27, 1812.

"I HAVE taken my pen with an intention of writing my dear Miss H. a very long letter. I know she will not expect the *wife* of a *missionary* to study correctness of style, or to make her hand writing appear beautiful; the easy, unreserved, unstudied style of a friend will better suit her. "They that cross the ocean change their *climate*, but not their *minds*." This is confirmed by my own experience. In this distant heathen land, far from the dear spot of my birth, my attachment to my Amer-

ican friends is as strong as ever. Those whom I once loved, I now sincerely, strongly love, though the anticipation of meeting them again in this world is totally relinquished. But would you infer from *this*, that a separation from the friends I love so dearly renders me unhappy? Far otherwise, my dear Miss H. Let me assure *you* (and do remember it for the encouragement of those females who anticipate walking in the same path,) that I never enjoyed more solid happiness.—never was so free, from discontent and anxiety, as since I left my native country. It is true that I have suffered *many* privations and inconveniences, and some hardships. But I have likewise had many blessings and found valuable sources of pleasure, which I did not expect. Since I have been in India, every wish of my heart, as it respects temporal things, has been gratified. The voayge was tedious, but remarkably short. We were blest with a commander, who treated us with uniform respect, kindness, and attention. Our accommodations were good, and we spent many happy hours in our little rooms. The sight of land was very pleasant as you will imagine. Sailing up the river Hoogly, we were delighted with the variegated, charming scenes around us. When we reached Calcutta, we were surrounded by the tawny natives, and half stunned with their perpetual chattering. We had some interesting conversation with the Circars, who could talk English, on board the vessel. While our astonishment was excited at hearing their superstitions, how

could our hearts remain unaffected about their wretched state! We were affectionately received by the good Dr. Carey, at his mansion at Calcutta, and treated with the greatest hospitality. Imagine to yourself a large stone house, with six lofty, spacious keeping and lodging rooms, with the same number of unimproved rooms below;—such is the building. Imagine a small bald-headed man, of sixty; such is the one whose name will be remembered to the latest generation. He is now advanced to a state of honor, with six thousand dollars a year. We accepted his invitation to visit the mission family at Serampore—took a boat, and, at eleven the next evening reached the happy dwelling of these friends of Immanuel. Here peace and plenty dwell, and we almost forget that we are in a land of pagan darkness. Dr. Carey's wife is ill—he has only one son residing with him, who has lately commenced preaching—aged sixteen. Felix is stationed at Rangoon where he has lately married a native, William is at Cutwa. Jabes is studying law at Calcutta. Mr. Ward superintends the printing. Mrs. Ward has the care of providing for the whole mission family. Dr. and Mrs. Marshman are engaged in schools. Mrs. Marshman, has had twelve children—six are dead. She has now *thirteen*, six of her own, and seven adopted ones. These schools are productive of much good.

We attended the worship of the great god of the Hindoos a fortnight since. The idol was taken from his temple, and bathed in the

sacred waters of the Ganges. Here were thousands of our fellow creatures, washing in the river, expecting to wash away their sins. A sight which will not admit of description. My heart, if insensible as steel before, was pained within me, when witnessing such a scene. Oh the beauty of the gospel of Jesus! Shall a Christian be found in America, who is opposed to missions! Forbid it heaven! To day the great Juggernaut is removed from his temple, placed on his car, and drawn in triumph through the assembled mass of worshippers. Some will probably sacrifice their lives, and this only three miles distant from Serampore. While writing, I hear the drum, and the instruments of idol music.

July 31. I have only time to tell my dear Miss H. that I shall this day leave Calcutta for the Isle of France. I have not time to read the above, but send it full of errors. Do write me—do let me hear soon from all my Andover friends.

In the greatest haste, yours, H. NEWELL.

Love to dear Mr. and Mrs. W."

Extracts of a letter to her Mother.

Serampore, July 14, 1812.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

I NEVER enjoyed such excellent health as I have, since we landed. For this, I can never feel sufficiently thankful. And another blessing, still greater, is an easy, contented

mind. I have never looked forward more than *once* or *twice*, with the least degree of anxiety. Though I am here in a strange land, wholly unsettled; yet I feel confident that He, who preserved me from the dangers of the stormy ocean, will not leave me unprovided for. I am sure, my dear mother, I have no excuse for complaining, while God is pleased to spare the life of my dear Mr. N. Never did a female possess a companion, more worthy of her strong and lasting attachment—I have every accommodation at present, I could wish. The future I leave with God. I know that he can dispose of all events, infinitely better than I can. Here is consolation.

—While I know I am making Mr. N. happy, and increasing his usefulness, I shall be thankful I came here.——

——I shall write you again, my dear mother by the Caravan. Now I must leave you, after requesting your prayers for me in particular, and for this mission in general. I hope to hear from you soon. Love to dear brothers and sisters, and all other friends.——

My dear mother, farewell.

HARRIET NEWELL.

To her Sister E.

Mission House, Serampore,
July 14, 1812.

"How is my dear, ever dear, Elizabeth? Happy I would hope, in the possession of every tem-

blessing heart can wish, and in the still richer blessings of the Gospel. To tell you that I long, ardently to see you, would be only saying what you already know. Though at a great distance from you the ties are still strong which unite me to you. Never shall I cease to love you. I have given our dear mother many particulars respecting my past and present situation and prospects. Such is our unsettled state at present, that I can say little or nothing to any one. The Harmony has not yet arrived, we are daily expecting her. No determination can be made without the other brethren. The East India company have ordered us to return to America. We have relinquished the idea of stationing a Mission at Birmah entirely. Several other places have been thought of, but it is still uncertain where we shall go. You will perhaps hardly credit me, when I tell you, that it is fully as expensive living here, as in America. I am disappointed greatly in this respect. Some things are cheap; others very dear. As soon as we fix upon a station, I am positive I shall write you to send me a box of necessaries from America. Tell mama that my bedquilt I shall value very highly. India calico bears the same price here as in America. English calicoes, an enormous price. Common English stockings between 3 and 4 rupees. The country stockings one rupee, and they are not worth half that. Some articles of provision are very high, and likewise house rent; and yet we are told that no where in Asia can we

live so cheap as here. We have excellent accommodations at the Mission-house;—indeed we have every thing at present to make us happy. We shall remove to some rooms in the Garden, when the Harmony arrives, where all our brethren will be invited to stay till we leave Bengal. I love these dear Missionaries very much. I never expected so many kindnesses from them. Mrs. Marshman has a lovely school of English young ladies, where they are instructed in embroidery, working muslin, and various other things. Miss Susan Marshman of 14, is studying Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. Mrs. Ward is a motherly woman, very active and kind. Miss Hobson, a niece of Dr. C. from England, is here, a very pretty girl. Col. Moxen from the Mahratta country is likewise at the Mission House. Mr. Carapeit Aratoon, the Armenian, and wife are residing here. These with Drs. Carey, Marshman and Ward's families and all the scholars make the Mission Family immensely large. Serampore is a charming place. We frequently walk out to admire its beauty. About a week since I went to Gundle Parry, with Mrs. Ward and family to visit Mrs. Kemp, a charming woman, much like our dear Mrs. B. There I saw something of Eastern luxury so much celebrated. We spent the day, returned home in the evening in the budgerow, saw two dead bodies burning on the shore, and a Bengallee wedding. Yesterday we crossed the river at Barry-pore, and walked over the Governor General's park; saw the wild beasts, variety

of birds, &c. One of the most delightful places I ever saw. Artificial hills and dales supplied the want of real ones.

This is the rainy season, but very pleasant. It is sometimes excessively hot; but a shower of rain cools the air. The jackalls make a tremendous yell every night under our windows; the noise is like a young child in great distress. I find the musquetoes very troublesome, though not so large and numerous as I expected. I have not seen one snake yet. I bathe every day, which is very refreshing. I have not yet suffered half so much from the heat as I calculated. I can sew or read all day, except an hour or two at noon very comfortably. I have often thought that you would like the climate of Bengal. I think I shall enjoy at least as good health here, as in America. When I first came here, I disliked all the fruit of the country, but pine-apples, and those made me ill. The mangoes, plaintains, guaves, &c. were all alike disagreeable. But I love them all now.

We were obliged to submit to a great many inconveniences on our passage, and were exposed to many dangers. But on the whole, I think no missionaries ever had a pleasanter voyage to the East Indies. I used to think when on the water that I never should return to America again, let my circumstances in Asia be as bad as they could be. But I think now, that the long tedious voyage would not prevent my returning, if nothing else prevented.

Mr. Robinson, one of the Baptist missionaries, married a lady from Calcutta about fifteen years of age, and set sail for Java. They slept in the open air for a fortnight on deck; were out in a violent storm, and returned to Calcutta again. How different this from our comfortable passage. Oh that we might be ever grateful to God for past favors, and learn to trust Him for the time to come. Surely we, above most others, have reason to say, "Hitherto the hath Lord helped us."

I regret that time obliges me to be so short. But you shall have letters by the Caravan sufficiently long to make up for this short one. I will begin a journal on the morrow, and write in it every day, till I can send it you. I will not be so negligent again. I have many letters partly written to friends, but must leave them now. My time has been so much occupied since our arrival, that I have scarcely found leisure to write a line. I hope soon to be more at liberty.

Do give love to Sarah, Caroline, Moses, Charles, and Emily. I shall write them all by the Caravan, and shall expect letters from every one of them. Kiss them all for me. Dear, dear Elizabeth, must I leave you? But I shall talk with you again in a week or two. Till then, and ever, I shall love to call you my dear sister, and subscribe myself your

HARRIET."

To a Female Friend.

"MANY have been the changes through which I have passed, since I left my beloved country. I have found many precious sources of enjoyment, and have had some *light* afflictions. Our voyage was *comparatively* short, but very tedious.

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"But one week after we left the harbor, the vessel sprung a leak, and we were for some time under the apprehension of perishing. Many gales of wind threatened our vessel with instant destruction; but our gracious God preserved us from every danger, and brought us in safety to these sultry shores, where hundreds of missionaries are needed."

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"Though a mission among the heathen is attended with many difficulties and discouragements, yet I do not feel sorry that I have joined the little company engaged in one. Since I have been here, I have been more decidedly positive than ever before, that a pious female, deeply interested for the heathen, can greatly increase the usefulness of a missionary, and promote the good of the mission. Let me give you one instance of this truth. Mrs. Marshman has had twelve children; (6 are dead, and 7 adopted ones fill their places.) With this numerous family, she has been engaged in a school for 13 years, consisting of 20, 30, 40, and sometimes 50 children. These children are mostly half-cast, i. e. their fathers

are Europeans, their mothers natives. The good done in this school is incalculable The children are not only instructed in all the branches of education taught in our American academies; but are particularly instructed in the religion of the blessed Gospel. I drank tea with her and her little family a day or two since, under a large tree"

Extracts from her Diary.

"I feel more and more willing to be any thing, or to do any thing, that the cause of Jesus might be prospered. I am not discouraged by the trials of a missionary life."

July 15. Spent the greater part of this day in my room alone. Mr. N. went to Calcutta this morning to carry letters to the captain of the ship Francis—Went with Mrs. Ward to one of the mission buildings in the garden to see the rooms intended for us. There are four convenient pretty rooms with bathing apartments, which they have kindly offered us and our missionary company. In the afternoon called upon Mrs. M.*—The good woman as usual, busily engaged in her school. How firm a constitution, must she have to occupy a station attended with so many cares. At four P. M. another message from government was received. Mr. N. and Mr. J. *ordered* to appear before the police again, to receive further *commands*. Mr. J. immediately took the *Buggy* [chaise] and set out for Calcutta.

* Mrs. Marshman, we presume.

In the evening, went with Nancy* and Mrs. W.'s family to the car of Juggernaut, which stands in the road. A huge building five stories high—images painted all over it—two large horses with a charioteer made of wood in front—with many wheels drawn by the natives with large cables. From the car we walked through the *Bazar*, [market] to the temple, where the great god of the Hindoos is now residing—A horrid object indeed!—Not allowed to enter the temple; but could see him plainly—a log of wood painted red with large hideous eyes—Little images were kept for sale in the Bazar. We walked through an immense crowd of Hindoos home. Was confused with the noise and bustle of the place, and excessively wearied with my long walk.

July 16. Called with Mrs. W. upon Mrs. Carapeit, the Armenian. Mr. Carapeit has gone with *brother* Kristno on a mission to Jessore—will be absent four weeks. Mrs. C. very ill—can only talk Hindostanee. Brother J. returned about sunset—A letter from Mr. Newell. He states that a collection has been made for us among the friends of missions in Calcutta. Mr. Thomason presented 500 rupees already collected.

How dark and intricate are the ways of Providence. We are ordered by government to leave the British territories, and return to America immediately. Captain H. will be

* Mrs. Judson.

ready to sail in three weeks. He has requested a clearance, but it has been absolutely refused him, unless we engage to leave India with him. Thus is our way hedged up—thus are all our prospects blasted. We cannot feel that we are called in Providence to go to Birmah. Every account we have from that savage, barbarous nation confirms us in our opinion, that the way is not prepared for the spread of the gospel there. The viceroy would not hesitate to take away our lives for the smallest offence. The situation of a female is peculiarly hazardous. But where else can we go? Must we leave these heathen shores? Must we be the instruments of discouraging all the attempts of American Christians to give these nations the word of life? My spirit faints within me. These are trials great and unexpected.

9 o'clock. Just returned from family worship in the chapel. My depressed spirits are a little revived. The good Dr. Marshman felt deeply interested for us, and has been interceding in our behalf—Not mine, O Lord, but thy will be done. I know that the gracious Redeemer will take care of his own cause, and provide for the wants of his little flock. How consoling this—I will trust him and doubt no more.

July 17. I find that writing has become quite pleasant, now I am alone. My natural cheerfulness has returned, and I hope I shall never again make myself unhappy by anticipating future evils, and distrusting the care of

my heavenly Father. I have been taking a solitary walk in the mission garden—a charming retreat from the bustle of the world. How happy would a walk with my dear absent mother, or dear brothers and sisters, make me: and yet as much as I long for their society, I am not willing to return to them. Yes, I am positively unwilling to go to America, unless I am confident that God has no work for me to do here. How far preferable to me would be an obscure corner of this pagan land, where the wretched idolaters would listen to the gospel of Jesus, to all the glittering splendor of a civilized land.

July 18. My dear Mr. N. returned last evening fatigued in body and depressed in mind. There is now no alternative left, but a return to America, or a settlement among some savage tribe, where our lives would be in constant danger. Lord we are oppressed; graciously undertake for us. We know not which way to direct our steps. O that the Harmony would arrive. Insurmountable obstacles attend us on every side. Pity us, O ye friends of Immanuel; pity our perplexed situation, and intercede with the prayer hearing Redeemer for direction in the path of duty——

A prayer-meeting in the mission chapel on our account—the dear Baptist brethren deeply interested for us. Fervent were their prayers that God would direct our steps! Four prayers offered—three hymns sung—one

chapter read. The exercises were all calculated to comfort our hearts.

I hear the distant sound of heathen voices. These miserable wretches are probably engaged in some act of idol worship; perhaps in conveying the log of wood, which they call Juggernaut, to his former place of residence. A conference in the chapel this evening. The bell calls us to breakfast at 8 in the morning. Immediately after we have worship in the chapel. At half past one we dine—at seven drink tea—go directly to the chapel again. Sabbath morning and evening service in English—afternoon in Bengallee. Monthly-prayer meeting, Monday morning. Weekly prayer-meeting, Tuesday evening. A lecture for the children, Wednesday evening. A conference, Saturday evening."

With respect to the climate, manners of the people, &c. we have selected from Mrs. Newell's journal the following particulars.

"*July* 18. Excessively warm weather; but not so hot as the last July in America. The Bengal houses are made so as to admit all the air stirring. In the room where I now keep there are four large windows, the size of American doors, with Venetian blinds, and three folding doors. There are no glass windows. A bathing house is commonly connected with each lodging room, and verandas to walk in, in the cool of the day. The floors of the houses are made of stone; the partitions and walls white washed.

20. From nine to eleven last evening I spent in walking in the garden with Mr. Newell. I do not suffer the least inconvenience from the evening air in this country. When on the ocean we were very cautious of the least exposure. But here physicians, and every one else, advise walking in the evening. The jackalls are all that I am afraid of here.

Mr. Judson preached yesterday morning; Mr. Ward in Bengallee, afternoon; Mr. Newell in the evening. Some good people from Calcutta present at worship—a large collection of hearers—all very attentive. Dr. Marshman returned to day from Calcutta—Brought us some intelligence which has revived our spirits a *little*. Has had some conversation with Mr. Rickets, the secretary, about us. He said the Caravan should have leave to depart, if we would engage to leave the British territories, and that possibly we might have leave to go to the Isle of France or Madagascar. So, then we shall not go to America in the Caravan, but wait the arrival of our dear brethren in the Harmony, and then conclude which way to direct our steps. The Lord is merciful and full of compassion.

21. Intend going to Calcutta to-morrow, should the weather permit. I like the climate of Bengal much. I do not long for a seat by an American fire-side, nor for pleasant winter evenings, as I once thought I should; but feel perfectly contented and satisfied with this hot, sultry weather. I am obliged to guard against heating my blood by walking in the sun, or by

using too violent exercise. Fevers, and the prickly heat, are in consequence of this imprudence. Rosy cheeks are never seen in India, except where a lady uses paint.

24. Went early on Wednesday morning in the mission budgerow to Calcutta, in company with brother and sister Judson, Col. Moxen, Miss Hobson, and Mr. Newell. Spent the day and night at Dr. Carey's house. The air of this confined place does not agree with me—a severe head-ach kept me all day within doors—Wednesday morning, breakfasted with Capt. Heard at his house. I hope my dear mother and other friends will have an opportunity of seeing and thanking him on his return for his kindness to us. Heard of Mr. Thomason's death of Madras. He had received positive orders from government to return to England, chargeable with no other crime than that of preaching the gospel. He has now gone to his everlasting home, and will trouble his opposers no more. Tired of the confusion and noise of Calcutta, I reached Serampore last evening—Found friends to welcome our return. Why these great favors? Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Moore and family at the mission house. Mrs. R. the second wife of Mr. R. is about 15 years of age, country born; i. e. has an English father and native mother. Mr. and Mrs. M. a charming couple, are stationed at Patna—have come hither on account of their health.

25. I have become a little familiarized to the sound of the Bengallee language. It has

become quite natural to say *chene* for sugar, *tony* for water, &c. &c. One servant's name is *Bozu*, another *Lol*, another *Golove*, another *Ram Done*. Ram is the name of one of their gods, and is therefore often added to their own name.

26. I am happy in finding, that the expectations of my American friends respecting my health in India will not be disappointed. I think I can say, that I never felt so strong in the summer season, nor ever had such an excellent appetite, as since I have been here. The weather is sometimes excessively hot and sultry, but to me not uncomfortable.

July 27. Moved last Friday to a retired, pretty room in the garden—Letters from the brethren at the Isle of France—Rejoiced to hear of their safe arrival there—Long to see them—They will undoubtedly be here in a few days—How welcome will their arrival be to us. Mr. Newell, Mr. Judson, and Nancy [Mrs. Judson] went to Calcutta this morning. Another order from government received last Saturday—and now our fate will be decided. I long to know the result—I do not intend to have one anxious feeling about our future destiny. I know that the cause of Zion is precious to the blessed Jesus, and that He will provide graciously for those who trust in him. I have spent the day alone.

July 28. I love dear Mrs. Ward more and more every day. She is remarkably obliging and kind to us. I go constantly to her for advice. Mr. Newell returned this afternoon from

Calcutta. We have obtained liberty from the East India Company to go to the Isle of France. A vessel will sail for that place next Saturday commanded by Captain Chimminant, a serious man. But he cannot accommodate us with a passage. No other vessel is expected to sail at present. We hear that the English governor favors missions—that a large field for usefulness is there opened—18,000 inhabitants ignorant of Jesus. Is not this the station that Providence has designed for us? A door is open wide—shall we not enter and begin the glorious work? This must be a subject for fervent prayer.

July 29. A world of changes this! Early this morning brother Judson called at our room, unexpectedly from Calcutta. Captain Chimminant has agreed to carry two of us, in his vessel, to the Isle of France, for 600 rupees—Sail next Saturday. How can such a favorable opportunity be neglected? Halted long between two opinions—If we go we shall relinquish the pleasure of meeting the dear brethren, and sister Roxana [Mrs. Nott.] Perhaps we shall never see them more. They may conclude to labor in some distant part of the Lord's vineyard, and we be separated from them through life. I shall go far away without *one single* female acquaintance—the dangers of a long voyage must be hazarded at a critical period—But here let me stop, and review all the way in which God has led me, since I left my mother's house, and the land of my birth. How have I been surrounded with

mercies! What precious favors have I received! And shall I doubt? Oh, no; my heart gladdens at the thought of commencing with my ever dear companion the missionary work, and of entering upon missionary trials and arduous engagements. So plain have been the leadings of Providence thus far, that I cannot doubt its intimations. I will go leaning on the Lord, and depending on him for direction, support and happiness. We shall leave the dear mission family at Serampore, when another rising sun dispels the darkness of the night—Have packed all our things to-day—fatigued much and very sleepy—The wanderer and the stranger will ere long repose sweetly on the bosom of Jesus. It is sweet to be a stranger and a wanderer for such a friend as this—A valuable present from my dear Mrs. Marshman. Thus are all my wants supplied. O for more thankfulness. When will this heart of adamant be susceptible of stronger emotions of gratitude. Bless the Lord, O my dear American friends, for his kindness to me a stranger in a strange land. O, pray that these abundant mercies may melt me into deep contrition.

July 30. I have this morning taken my leave of my dear Serampore friends. After a visit of six weeks I regret parting with them exceedingly. But such are the changes of this changing world. Friends must be separated, the parting tear will often flow. How consoling the hope, that there is a world where separation will be forever unknown.—A pleas-

ant time in going from Serampore to Calcutta in the budgerow with brother Judson and Mr. Newell—Went on board the ship—Much pleased with the accommodations—Our birth is on deck—a cool pretty place—Dined at Dr. Carey's—Spent the afternoon at Mr. Myers's—a charming family willing to assist us in every thing—Mr. and Mrs. More now residing with them—Drank tea with Mrs. Thomason, one of the kindest, best of women—More money collected for us. Mrs. T. has provided me with many necessaries—Went to church with Mr. and Mrs. T. in the evening—a most elegant church—Heard Mr. T. preach."

To her Sister C.

Serampore, July, 1812.

My ever dear sister C.

"I CANNOT forget you among the numerous friends I have in America, but must say a few words to you, though in great haste. Can it be possible that I shall never see you again in this world? Have we then parted to meet no more this side eternity? We probably have. But what is this short separation? Nothing when compared to eternal separation, which will take place at the last day, between the friends and enemies of Jesus. My dear C. listen I entreat you, to a sister who loves you, who ardently wishes for your everlasting happiness. Make the friend of sinners your friend, now while an opportunity is presented. Oh, let not the adversary of souls cheat you out of an interest in the Savior. Gladden the heart

of your dear widowed mother, of saints and angels, by becoming a devout and holy follower of Jesus. Mama has no child now to go with her to the sacramental supper; will not our dear C. renounce the world and all its vanities, embrace religion, and in the morning of her life openly consecrate herself to God? Think how much good you might do among your dear brothers and sisters. Perhaps you might be made the instrument of rescuing them from endless death. It may possibly be that I may never write you again; will you not then, my dear girl, seriously think of these things? I hope we shall meet in heaven after death, no more to part. But we never shall, unless our hearts are renewed, and we are made the friends of Immanuel in the present life.

Farewell my dear girl—comfort the heart of your mother, and make her declining days as happy as possible. Do write me.

From your sister HARRIET."

Extracts of a letter to her Mother.

Calcutta, July 31, 1812.

"Dear Mother,

WITH a week's employment before me this day, I take my pen to write you a few lines. By reading my enclosed journal you will become acquainted with our reasons for leaving Bengal and going to the Isle of France. We sail early to-morrow morning—have furniture and a thousand little necessaries to get to-day.

"I go without one female companion;—but I go with renewed courage, rejoicing that the Lord has opened us a way to work for him. I have received favors unmerited, unexpected, and great.

— — — —

"My health is really excellent—I never felt so well in America."

After stating, that the inhabitants of the Isle of France are chiefly French, she observes, "I long to engage in the great object for which I left my home. I shall begin to study the French language with Mr N. on the passage. Capt. Chimminant talks French.

"Oh for more ardent piety."

The following letter from Mr. NEWELL to Mrs. Atwood, completes the affecting history of Mrs. NEWELL.

"*Port Louis, Isle of France,*
Dec. 10, 1812.

"My dear mother,

On account of the unhappy war between us and England, it is probable I shall have no opportunity for a long time of sending directly to America. I enclose this letter to Joseph Hardcastle, Esq. of London, depending on his benevolence to pay the postage at the general Post Office there, without which it would not be forwarded. I beg your particular attention to this circumstance, because it is the reason

why my letter is not longer, and also the reason why I do not write to my other friends. You will oblige me by informing my friends of this; particularly Drs. Woods, Griffin, and Worcester.

"When I sit down to address you, my dear mother, from this distant land, to me a land of strangers and a place of exile, a thousand tender thoughts arise in my mind, and naturally suggests such inquiries as these. How is it now with that dear woman to whom I am indebted for my greatest earthly blessing—the mother of my dear Harriet? And mine too; (for I must claim the privilege of considering you as my own dear mother.) Does the candle of the Lord still shine on her tabernacle, and is the voice of joy and praise yet heard in her dwelling? Or, what is not improbable in this world of disappointment, has some new affliction, the death perhaps of a dear child, or of some other beloved friend, caused her heart again to bleed and her tears to flow? Ah! my mother, though we may live many years and see good in them all, yet let us remember the days of darkness, for they too will be many. It is decreed by Infinite Wisdom alone, that through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of heaven. You, my dear mother, have had your share of adversity,—and I too have had mine. But we will not complain. Sanctified afflictions are the choicest favors of heaven. They cure us of our vain and foolish expectations from the world, and teach our thoughts and affections to ascend and fix on

joys that never die. I never longed so much to see you as I have these several days past. What would I now give to sit, one hour by that dear fire-side, where I have tasted the most unalloyed pleasure that earth affords, and recount to you, and the dear children, the perils, the toils, and the sufferings, through which I have passed since I left my native land. In this happy circle I should for a moment forget—— —— ——

"Yes, my dear friends, I would tell you how God has disappointed our favorite schemes, and blasted our hopes of preaching Christ in India, and has sent us all away from that extensive field of usefulness, with an intimation that He has nothing for us to do there, while He has suffered others to enter in and reap the harvest. I would tell you how He has visited *us all with sickness*, and how He has afflicted me in particular by taking away the dear little babe which He gave us, the child of our prayers, of our hopes, of our tears. I would tell you—but O, shall I tell it or forbear—

"Have courage, my mother, God will support you under this trial; though it may for a time cause your very heart to bleed. Come, then, let us mingle our griefs and weep together; for she was dear to us both; and she too is gone. Yes, Harriet, your lovely daughter is gone, and you will see her face no more! Harriet, my own dear Harriet, the wife of my youth and the desire of my eyes, has bid me a last farewell, and left me to mourn and weep

Yes, she is gone. I wiped the cold sweat of death from her pale, emaciated face, while we travelled together down to the entrance of the dark valley. There she took her upward flight and I saw her ascend to the mansions of the blessed! Oh Harriet, Harriet; for thou wast very dear to me. Thy last sigh tore my heart asunder and dissolved the charm which tied me to earth.

"But I must hasten to give you a more particular account of the repeated afflictions with which God has visited me.

"Harriet enjoyed good health from the time we left you, until we embarked on our voyage from Calcutta to the Isle of France; (excepting those slight complaints which are common to females in her situation.) During the week previous to our sailing for this place, she went through much fatigue in making numerous calls on those dear friends in Calcutta, who were anxious to see her, and who kindly furnished her with a large supply of those little things which she was soon expected to want, and which on account of her succeeding illness, she would not have been able to prepare on the voyage. The fatigue of riding in a palanquin, in that unhealthy place, threw her into a fever, which commenced the day after we were on board. She was confined about a week to her couch, but afterward recovered and enjoyed pretty good health. We left Calcutta on the 4th of August, but on account of contrary winds and bad weather, we were driven about in the Bay of Bengal without making much

progress during the whole of that month. On or about the 27th it was discovered that the vessel had sprung a leak; and, on the 30th the leak had increased to such an alarming degree as to render our situation extremely perilous. A consultation of the officers was called, and it was determined to put about immediately, and make the nearest port, which was Coringa, a small town on the Coromandel coast, about 60 miles south of Vizigapatam. We got safe into port on Saturday, Sept. 5th. The vessel was found to be in a very bad case."

[Four days before the arrival of the vessel in port, Mrs. Newell was seized with severe pain in the stomach and bowels, the disease of the country; but in three days after going on shore she was so far recovered as to write thus in her journal: "Have been able to sit up most of the day. Begin to look around me a little—find myself again surrounded with Hindoo cottages, and the tawny natives as thick as bees." On the 19th of September they re-embarked, and Mrs. N. enjoyed comfortable health till nearly three weeks after leaving Coringa, and about three weeks before reaching the Isle of France, when she became the joyful mother of a fine healthy daughter. Four days after, in consequence of a severe storm of wind and rain, the child took cold, and died on the evening of the next day, after having been devoted to God in baptism.

On the 14th of October, Mr. N. writes thus in his journal: "About 8 o'clock last evening our dear little Harriet expired in her mother's

arms. A sweet child. Though she had been but five days with us, it was painful, inexpressibly painful, especially to the mother, to part with her To-day, with many tears, we committed her to a watery grave. "So fades the lovely blooming flower," &c. May God sanctify this bereavement to us, and Oh may he spare my dear wife."

About a week after Mrs. N.'s confinement, the symptoms of a consumption appeared. Though Mr. N. feared the worst, he did not consider her case as fatal, till the last fortnight of her life, which commenced about ten days after their arrival at the Isle of France. Mr. N. immedtately on their arrival called in the aid of Dr. Burke, the chief surgeon of the British army in that island, and of Dr. Walluz, a Danish physician, a friend with whom they had become acquainted at Serampore, who had lately buried his wife in Bengal, and had come to the Isle of France for his health. There was but little alteration in Mrs. N.'s health, (excepting that she gradually lost strength,) till about a fortnight before her death, when she declined more rapidly and all hope of her recovery was extinguished.—About 4 o'clock, P. M. on Monday, the 30th of November, her eye-sight failed her, soon after which she calmly, and with apparent ease, expired, seven weeks and four days after her confinement. These events, with all the attending circumstances, are related by Mr. N. with great tenderness and particularity. He then proceeds as follows:]

"There, my dear mother, I have finished the story of Harriet's sufferings. Let us turn from the tale of woe to a brighter scene; one that will gladden your heart as I am sure it does mine. During this long series of sufferings, the bare recital of which must affect every feeling heart, she meekly yielded to the will of her Heavenly Father, without one murmuring word. "My wicked heart," she writes, "is *inclined* to think it hard, that I should suffer such fatigue and hardship. I sinfully envy those whose lot it is to live in tranquillity on land. Happy people! Ye know not the toils and trials of voyagers across the rough and stormy deep. Oh, for a little Indian hut on land—But hush my warring passions, it is for Jesus who sacrificed the joys of his Father's kingdom, and expired on a cross to redeem a fallen world, that thus I wander from place to place and feel no where at home. How reviving the thought! How great the consolation it yields to my sinking heart! I will cherish it, and yet be happy."

"In view of those sufferings which she afterwards experienced, she writes thus: "I hope to reach the place of our destination in good health. But I feel no anxiety about that. I know that God orders every thing in the best possible manner. If He so orders events, that I shall suffer pain and sickness on the stormy ocean, without a female friend, exposed to the greatest inconveniences, shall I repine, and think he deals hardly with me? Oh no. Let the *severest trials and disappointments* fall to

my lot, guilty and weak as I am, yet I think I can rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation.

"In the first part of the sickness, which succeeded the birth of our babe, she had some doubts, which occasionally interrupted her spiritual comfort; but they were soon removed, and her mind was filled with that peace of God which passeth all understanding. When I asked her, a few days before she died, if she had any remaining doubts respecting her spiritual state, she answered with an emphasis, that she had none. During the whole of her sickness she talked in the most familiar manner, and with great delight, of death, and the glory that was to follow. When Dr. Burke one day told her, those were gloomy thoughts, she had better get rid of them, she replied, that on the contrary they were to her cheering and joyful beyond what she could express. When I attempted to persuade her that she would recover, (which I fondly hoped,) it seemed to strike her like a disappointment. She would say, "You ought rather to pray that I may depart, that I may be perfectly free from sin, and be where God is."

"Her mind was from day to day filled with the most comforting and delightful views of the character of God and Christ. She often requested me to talk to her on these interesting subjects. She told me that her thoughts were so much confused, and her mind so much weakened, by the distress of body she had suffered, that she found it difficult steadily to

pursue a train of thought on divine things, but that she continually looked to God and passively rested on him. She often spoke of meeting her friends in heaven. "Perhaps," said she, "my dear mother has gone before me to heaven, and as soon as I leave this body I shall find myself with her." At another time she said, "We often talk of meeting our friends in heaven; but what would heaven be with all our friends, if God were not there?"

"She longed exceedingly for the brethren to arrive from India, that we might form ourselves into a church, and celebrate the dying love of Jesus once more before she died. Her desires to enjoy the benefit of this ordinance were so strong, and our situation so peculiar, that I thought a deviation from the usage of our churches in this instance would be justifiable, and accordingly on the last Sabbath in November, the day before she died, I gave her the symbols of the body and blood of our Lord; and I trust it was a comfortable season to us both.

"A few days before she died, after one of those distressing turns of coughing and raising phlegm, which so rapidly wasted her strength, she called me to come and sit on her bed beside her, and receive her dying message to her friends. She observed, that her strength was quite exhausted, and she could say only a few words; but feared she should not have another opportunity. "Tell my dear mother," said she, "how much Harriet loved her. Tell her to look to God and keep near

to Him, and He will support and comfort her in all her trials. I shall meet her in heaven, for surely she is one of the dear children of God." She then turned to her brothers and sisters. "Tell them," said she, "from the lips of their dying sister, that there is nothing but religion worth living for. Oh, exhort them to attend immediately to the care of their precious, immortal souls. Tell them not to delay repentance. The eldest of them will be anxious to know how I now feel with respect to missions. Tell them, and also my dear mother, that I have never regretted leaving my native land for the cause of Christ. Let my dear brothers and sisters know that I love them to the last. I hope to meet them in heaven; but Oh, if I should not"——Here the tears burst from her eyes, and her sobs of grief at the thought of an eternal separation expressed the feelings that were too big for utterance. After she had recovered a little from the shock, which these strong emotions had given to her whole frame, she attempted to speak of several other friends, but was obliged to sum up all she had to say in "Love and an affectionate farewell to them all." Within a day or two of her death, such conversation as the following passed between us.

"Should you not be willing to recover, and live a while longer here?"

"On some accounts it would be desirable. I wish to do something for God before I die. But the experience I have had of the deceitfulness of my heart leads me to expect, that

if I should recover, my future life would be much the same as my past has been, and I long to be perfectly free from sin. God has called me away before we have entered on the work of the mission, but the case of David affords me comfort; I have had it in my heart to do what I can for the heathen, and I hope God will accept me."

"But what shall I do, when you are gone? How can I bear the separation?"

"Jesus will be your best friend, and our separation will be short. We shall soon, very soon, meet in a better world; if I thought we should not, it would be painful indeed to part with you."

"How does your past life appear to you now?"

"Bad enough; but that only makes the grace of Christ appear the more glorious.

> "Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
> My beauty are, my heavenly dress;
> Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
> With joy shall I lift up my head."

"When I told her that she could not live through the next day, she replied, "Oh, joyful news; I long to depart." Sometime after, I asked her, "How does death appear to you now?" She replied; "Glorious; truly welcome." During sabbath night she seemed to be a little wandering, but the next morning she had her recollection perfectly. As I stood by her, I asked if she knew me. At first she made no answer. I said to her again; "My

dear Harriet, do you know who I am." "My dear Mr. Newell, my husband," was her reply; but in broken accents and a voice faltering in death."

"The last words which I remember, and which, I think were the last she uttered relative to her departure, were these—"The pains, the groans, the dying strife." "How long, O Lord, how long!"

"But I must stop; for I have already exceeded the bounds of a letter, though I have come far short of doing justice to the dying deportment of this dear friend. Oh, may my last end be like hers. I would now proceed to discharge the duty, which Harriet's dying request imposed on me, of administering consolation to you, and of beseeching the dear children to make a right improvement of this afflicting dispensation; but I hope the God of all consolation will himself wipe away your tears, and fill your heart with comfort, and that Harriet's dying intreaties, and tears and sighs, may be carried by the Spirit of truth to the hearts of the children, and of her other young friends, and may fasten conviction on their minds, and engage them to follow her, so far as she followed Christ. With these hopes I must at present bid them all an affectionate farewell.

"Harriet offered to give me her property by will, but I declined accepting it. She then proposed bequeathing a part of it to the Board of Commissioners, but my time was so completely taken up in attending on her, that

I had no opportunity of having a will duly executed till it was too late.

"The brethren in Bengal have written to me. The Harmony arrived in Calcutta a few days after I left there—The brethren all ordered away, as we were. They are coming hither, and I daily expect them. Madagascar is the probable seat of the mission; but this is not certain. Brother and sister Judson have become Baptists, have been immersed at Calcutta, and of course will not come with the rest. They have all been sick.

"Perhaps you may censure me, my dear mother, for leaving Serampore before Harriet's confinement. I wish I had time to answer you fully on this head; but I cannot only say, that she did not expect to be confined short of three or four months from the time of our departure; that the usual length of a voyage to the Isle of France is not half that period; that Bengal is the most sickly place in all India, and this the most healthy spot in the eastern world; and *that it was the unanimous advice of all our friends that we should go.* Brother Judson would then have embraced the opportunity had I declined it.

"I have now one request to make, and then I will close. Dr. Woods and Dr. Griffin will both see this letter. I wish one of them to preach a sermon on this occasion,—that it be published,—and that an engraving, prepared from Harriet's miniature, be prefixed, and a short account of her sickness and death be added. Do let my request be granted. It will

do good. It may be the means of converting many of Harriet's dear young friends, and it will, I hope, some time or other reach me.

"I thank Dr. Woods a thousand times for his sermon on the death of Mrs. Church, as well as for his missionary sermon, which last I received by way of Calcutta. My dear, dear mother, I must bid you farewell. God Almighty bless you, and reward you a hundred fold for all your kindness to me. Do not forget me; I shall never forget you. Write whenever you have opportunity. I send my love to all my acquaintance, and to all Harriet's friends, for her sake. My ever dear mother, I remain your's affectionately,

SAMUEL NEWELL."

Mrs. M. Atwood.

Mr. Newell enclosed a fragment, (from which the following sentences was taken) in Mrs. N.'s own hand. It is the commencement of a letter which she began to write to her mother, but which she was never able to resume. During the former part of her voyage from Calcutta to the Isle of France, she wrote occasionally in her Diary, as appears by extracts made from it in the foregoing letter.

"*Port Louis, Isle of France,*
Nov. 3, 1812.

"*My ever dear mother,*

SINCE I wrote you last I have been called by God to rejoice and weep; for afflictions and mercies have both alternately fallen to my lot

I address you now from a bed of great weakness—perhaps for the last time Yes, my dear mama, I feel this mud-walled cottage shake, and expect ere long to become an inhabitant of the world of spirits. Eternity, I feel, is just at hand. But let me give you some account of God's dealings with me, which I shall do at intervals, as strength will admit."

[After mentioning the birth of a daughter, with fond anticipations of happiness, she adds the following sentences, which are the last she wrote.]

"On the cabin floor with no other attendant but my dear Mr. Newell, we could weep for joy —and call ourselves the happiest of the happy. But alas! on the evening of the fifth day the dear object of our love was snatched from us by death, and on the day following committed to its watery grave. Heart-rending stroke to a parental heart! Mine almost bled with deep anguish."——

Mr. Newell, apprehending that the foregoing letter might not reach America, wrote a letter to Mr. A. Hardy, with a view to repeat the substance of what he had before written. Extracts from this letter are here added.

Port Louis, Isle of France,
Feb. 23, 1813.

My dear Brother,

"I WROTE to our dear mother, Mrs. Atwood, in December, by way of London. As that may fail, I shall briefly recapitulate some

things which in that I stated at length—We were all ordered away from India by Government. I embarked with Harriet for this place in August. We had a most disastrous voyage; on the 8th of October, H. was delivered of a daughter, three weeks before we arrived here. Our dear babe took cold and died suddenly on the 13th, five days old. Harriet took cold at the same time, being exposed to a violent storm of wind and rain. The cold settled on her lungs, and terminated in a consumption. She rapidly wasted away, and on the 30th of November ended her days in this place. Two physicians beside myself attended her during her sickness. It would be gratifying here to relate the exercises of her mind during her illness, and at the hour of death; but I have time only to say, that *she died rejoicing in the sure prospect of eternal life through the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ.*—Thus, my dear brother, I have been called to lay my beloved Harriet in her lowly bed, within the short period of ten months from the day of our marriage. I have buried both my parents, and several near relatives; but I never knew the bitterness of grief till I saw my dear wife expire. It is now about three months since she died; and I feel my loss more deeply than when I followed her to the grave. I trust that this very afflicting stroke of Providence has been sanctified to me. I feel more like a pilgrim and stranger on earth, and I long to finish my work and be away. But I must not spend

time in describing my feelings on this mournful occasion—you can easily imagine all that I would say.

I have one request to make of you—*comfort our dear mother*. Tell her that her dear Harriet never repented of any sacrifice she had made for Christ; that on her dying bed "she was comforted with the thought of having had it in her heart to do something for the Heathen, though God had seen fit to take her away before we entered on our work." Tell that dear woman, that *HARRIET'S bones have taken possession of the promised land, and rest in glorious hope of the final and universal triumph of Jesus over the gods of this world.*

Give my love to all our friends. How glad should I be to see you all! Tell little Aaron about my dear babe—we called her *Harriet Atwood* in her baptism. Poor thing, she found a watery grave. Mary, my dear sister, do not grieve too much for Harriet; she is well now. O may we be counted worthy to meet her in the mansions of the blessed. Dear creature, she comforted me with this hope on her dying bed;—and this blissful hope is worth more to me than all the wealth of India.

Farewell— SAMUEL NEWELL."

THE END.

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